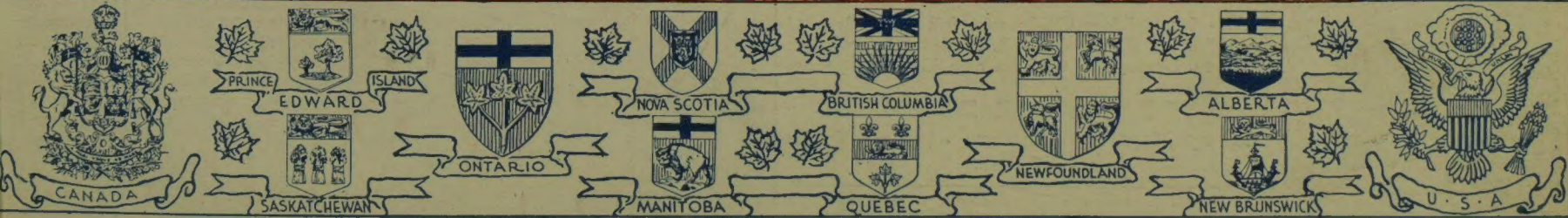


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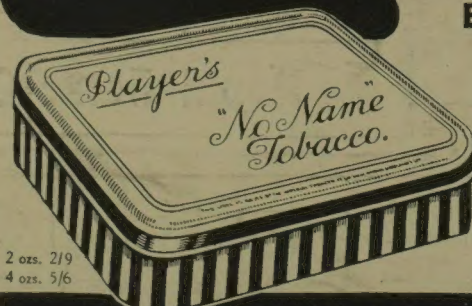
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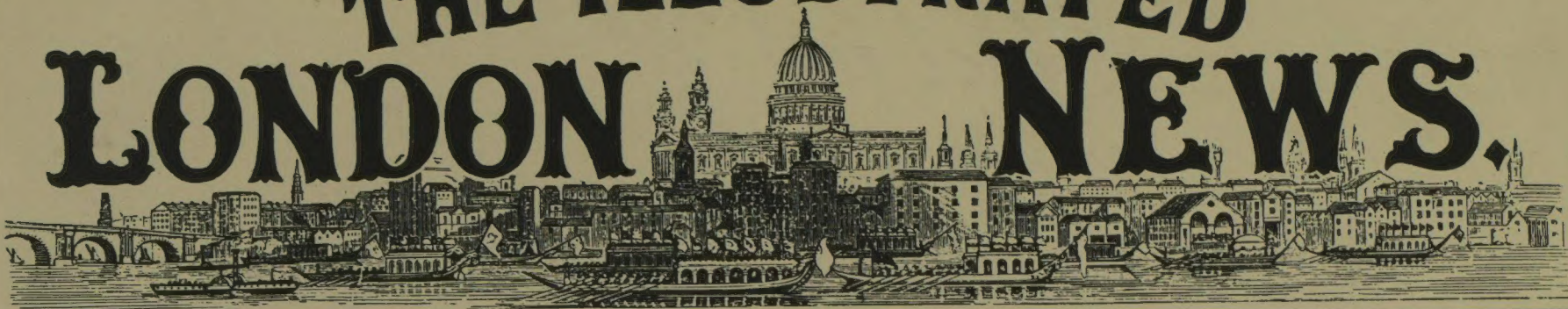
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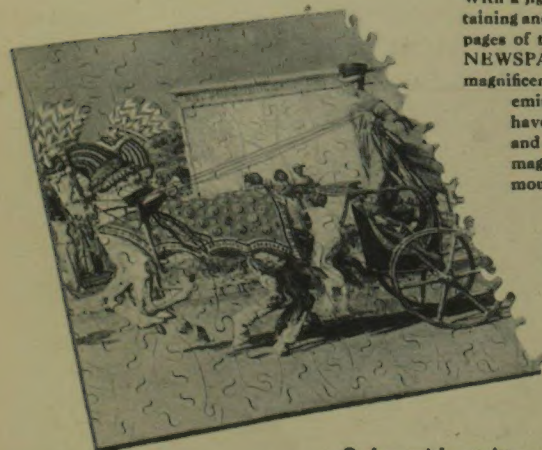
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SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1939.



ACKNOWLEDGING LONDON'S HEARTFELT WELCOME ON THEIR RETURN FROM CANADA AND THE U.S.A.:
THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THE PRINCESSES ON THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The King and Queen arrived in the "Empress of Britain" at Southampton on June 22, thus bringing to a close a tour which has been a triumphant progress from beginning to end. In spite of the tremendous demonstrations of loyalty with which they were met throughout Canada and their overwhelming reception in New York, the King and Queen could hardly have received a more heartfelt

welcome than awaited them in London and Southampton. Outside Buckingham Palace a crowd of fifty thousand people cheered and cheered again, and shortly after their return there the King and Queen with the Princesses came out on to the balcony. Further photographs showing scenes in London and Southampton and their Majesties in Newfoundland will be found elsewhere in this issue. (Planet.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SO Mr. P. G. Wodehouse has been given a D.Litt. by the University of Oxford. The first newspaper in the world published a poem in honour of the event, and the Public Orator celebrated the great creator of magic in sprightly and polished Latin verse. The outburst of applause that greeted his appearance before the Vice-Chancellor in the Encænian far exceeded that accorded to any of the eminent public men and famous *savants* who received honorary degrees at the same time. It was an unconscious tribute to the gratitude all human beings feel towards those who have helped to make them happy. Other men enjoy vast popularity by virtue of the benefits they have conferred on certain of their fellow creatures—Herr Hitler, for instance. Yet they generally suffer an equal, if not greater, amount of dislike from those other beings whom they have injured. Herr Hitler is again a case in point. But Dr. Wodehouse—as we must now learn to call him—has conferred nothing but pleasure. Unless there be anyone who is mourning a friend's untimely decease, caused by a spasm of excessive laughter, I cannot conceive of there being any living creature who is the worse for reading the Doctor's works. And there must be millions, including the contributor of this page, who have spent innumerable hours far happier than they would otherwise have been, released from every care in the study of this kindly humanist and philosopher. Any well-thumbed volume that bears his name carries an aura of human happiness about it. And, like the greatest literature, Dr. Wodehouse's creation has a life outside its bindings. Jeeves or Sir Roderick Glossop or Mr. Wooster himself—and all of them as Britannic as Rule Britannia—could appear in any company and be immediately recognised. They do not even need to appear. How often in the small and sad hours of the night have I defied melancholy by recalling, not without difficulty, the extraordinary train of circumstances that, in the course of a brief hour, led a well-to-do, middle-aged and cautious bachelor, resident in the Albany, from a Sabbath luncheon-party in lordly Mayfair to a kneeling position at the back window, of a remote suburban villa, till that moment utterly unknown to him, with his head imprisoned between the sill and the window, while a gigantic cat sharpened its claws upon his bootless legs, and his now future and imminent wife, with a terrifying gleam of maternal conquest in her eye, advanced upon him up the garden path! It was no doubt memories such as these that caused that mighty burst of clapping which greeted the beloved author as he made his graceful smile and bow and, arrayed in his doctor's robe, took his seat among the elect. I was, indeed, myself present among the audience—a grateful witness of the pleasing scene.

Grateful, too, not only for seeing Dr. Wodehouse in the flesh, but for being where I was, which was in the University that bred me. An old American guide-book to England expressed the opinion—so flattering to English taste—that both Oxford and Cambridge were worth a visit. But it added a recommendation that its readers, if pressed for time, should omit Cambridge. In the past ten or twelve years the writer has tended, for reasons connected with his work, to reverse the process. And even a little, under Cambridge's gentle and compelling charm, to reverse also John Dryden's betraying transfer of the heart from the Thebes of his green unknowing youth to the Athens of his riper

age. So I had special cause to be thankful to my Oxford host who had bidden me beyond my deserts to the Encænian Feast—I think it is now modestly called lunch—and the scarlet and shining glories of Degree Day.

To those accustomed to the hustle and roar of the everyday world there is nothing so seducing in life as the hospitality of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Comprised of learned, and, so far as their collegiate life goes, of unlearned men, they are yet capable of creating an inexhaustible hospitality that, in its comfort, grace and easy charm, far exceeds anything that the greatest prince on earth can offer. All the year round each of the Oxford and Cambridge colleges entertains a never-ceasing procession of guests—politicians and soldiers and ambassadors; scholars from other lands and universities; old and

house in a manner that would keep a dozen German *hausfraus* busy for a year, is one of those academic mysteries that elude solution. It is sufficient to acknowledge the mystery and be thankful.

Dr. Johnson once said that there was no prospect which so much seduced reason from vigilance as the thought of passing life with an amiable woman. He did not add that of passing it in the comfort and learned serenity of an endowed collegiate society:

Return ye days when endless pleasure
I found in reading or in leisure;
When calm around the Common Room,
I puffed my daily pipe's perfume!
Rode for a stomach and inspected,
At annual bottlings corks selected:
And dined, untaxed, untroubled under
The portrait of our pious Founder.

So mused Warton's country parson, banished by marriage and the noisy needs of a numerous progeny from the content of those earlier be-Fellowed days. Is the academic life *in excelsis*, as Oxford and Cambridge give it to their favoured, chosen sons, the ideal one for men? Is it not the only true return life offers to the paradisaical garden in which man was happiest when alone—before there was any Eve—and only sad when mated? Yet for all the sweet nostalgia of the thought, something warns one that even here the common lot of man is not to be eluded. One of my kind academic hosts spoke across the table of the importance and necessity of "divine discontent." Divine discontent!—and in such a place, when the whole outer world rocked on its dissolving foundations and the clouds of discontent, but not divine, hung heavy and ready to burst over the earth. And then I looked out of the glorious window above the scarlet gowns and the gleaming silver and saw standing in the green quadrangle outside the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. And the fruit, of course, was no longer on the branches.

Afterwards we came out into the sunshine that had broken through the morning's clouds to welcome Dr. Wodehouse and his fellow academicians. The ladies' blues and greys mingled enchantingly with the finery of coloured hood and gown, and I remembered, not without a tinge of regret for the days when such things could still please me, that the occasion signified that not only was Term over, but that Commemoration had begun. For the next day or two there would be nothing but concerts and balls and plays, and the swish of petticoats among the colonnades and groves. And the phrasing of a seventeenth-century letter started to run in my mind, written by a wearied don to a fellow-countryman in far Westmorland, of how by Monday "the heat of the Act will be over, and we shall be surfeited with sights and plays, as well as

tired with hurry and noise." For in those days, as now—so unbroken is the continuity of English University life—the solemnities of Encænian were followed by more frivolous rites when the undergraduate, no longer *in statu pupillaris*, came into his own and the year's *Terrae Filius* stood up in the theatre to make his graceless, irreverent speech about his shocked seniors, and was "arch upon all that was grave and waggish upon the Ladies." Eve, who had contributed all its sons, had put her pretty head over the wall of the forbidden garden and demanded, as was only natural, her fatal, shattering share.

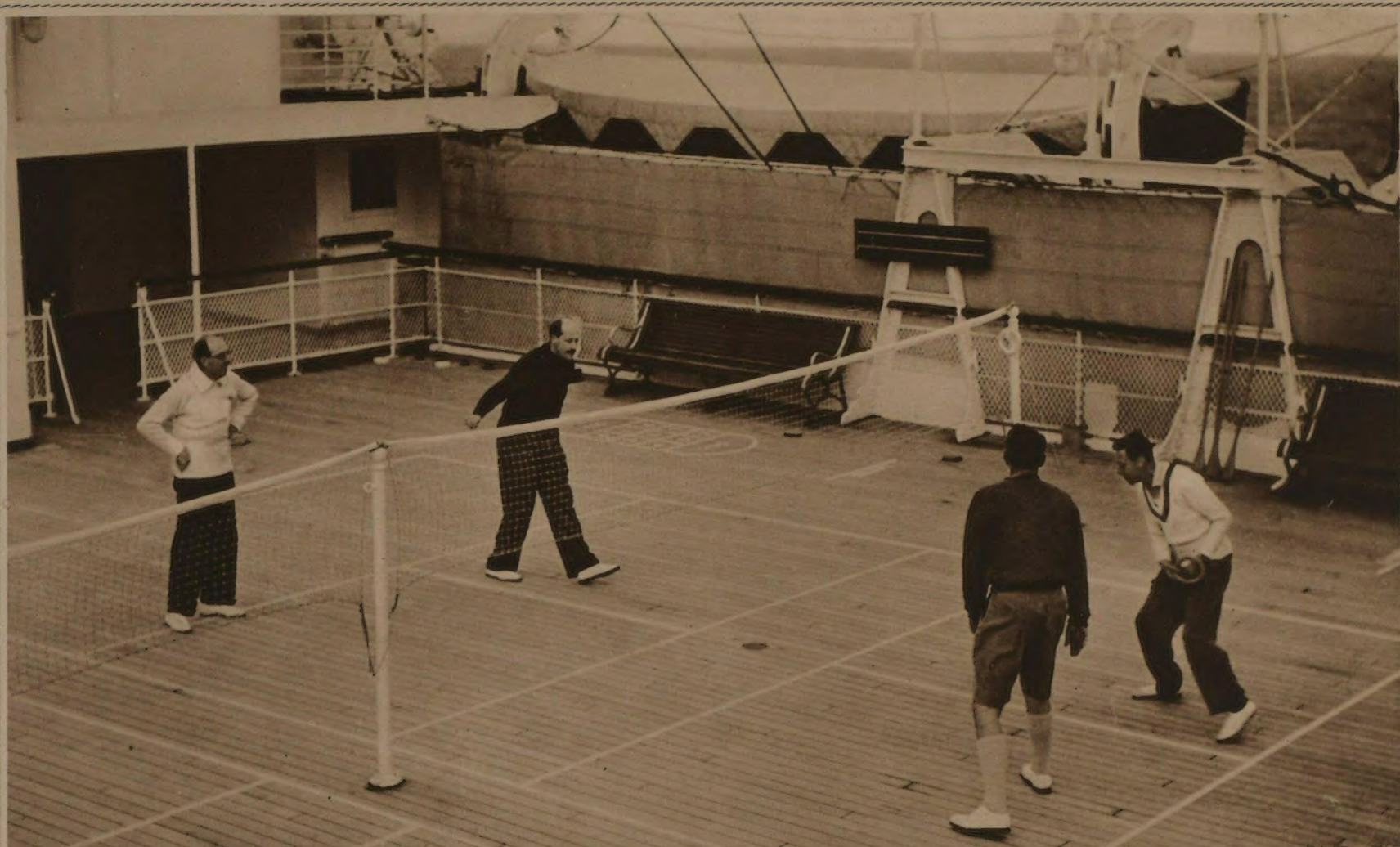


THEIR MAJESTIES' ARRIVAL AT WATERLOO STATION: THE QUEEN TALKING WITH MR. JOSEPH KENNEDY, THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, WHILE THE KING (IN BACKGROUND) CHATS WITH THE PRIME MINISTER.

The King and Queen, accompanied by the Princesses and other members of the Royal Family, arrived at Waterloo Station from Southampton at 5.30 p.m. on June 22. Awaiting them on the platform was a small group of guests, who kept silent after the first welcoming cheer while their Majesties greeted their friends undisturbed. Both the King and Queen spoke for some time to Mr. Joseph Kennedy, the United States Ambassador, and to Mr. Vincent Massey, High Commissioner for Canada. After greeting the Marquess of Crewe, Lord Lieutenant for the County of London, the King chatted with the Prime Minister, and then their Majesties moved across to meet Mrs. Lowe, Chairman of the London County Council, and Councillor W. Lockyer, Mayor of Lambeth. The King and Queen then entered a landau with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret and, as it drove slowly away towards the station arch, prolonged cheering signalled its departure to the crowd waiting outside. (A.P.)

often humble members of the college from remote places in Africa or Asia; financiers who, by becoming benefactors, may be privileged to restore with honour and in an enhanced and more valuable form what the public has apparently lost; admiring and admired ladies in their best party-frocks invited for an ecstatic hour or two into the very fortress of corporate male impregnability. And everyone who comes regards his visit—and rightly—as a special and priceless treat designed to make him happy and at ease. How those who dispense such hospitality manage to pursue their manifold tasks of teaching youth and storing and distilling learning while keeping

THE ROYAL TOUR: THE LAST PORT OF CALL; AND RELAXATION AFLOAT.



ONE OF THE KING'S RELAXATIONS AFTER THE ARDOURS OF THE ROYAL TOUR: HIS MAJESTY PLAYING DECK TENNIS, AND ABOUT TO MAKE A GOOD RETURN, DURING THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE OF THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN."



THE TREE WHICH WILL COMMEMORATE THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO BRITAIN'S OLDEST COLONY, NEWFOUNDLAND: THE ROYAL PLANTING OF AN OAK-TREE IN ST. JOHN'S, NEAR THE WAR MEMORIAL; THE KING IS IN THE UNIFORM OF AN ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

Their Majesties' last port of call, on June 17, was Newfoundland—visited 26 years ago by the King when a naval cadet. Only a few hours were spent here, but their Majesties were royally received. In St. John's the Queen planted an oak, saying: "I have great pleasure to plant an English tree." The King asked, as he

shovelled in the earth: "Will it grow in this climate?" Great applause broke out when the King decided to go out to the waiting H.M.S. "Glasgow"—the "Empress of Britain" could not come in closer because of the salmon nets—in the Newfoundland ferry, instead of the royal barge. (Photographs by "The Times.")

THE END OF A MEMORABLE ROYAL TOUR: THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" AT SOUTHAMPTON; AND A FAMILY REUNION.



THEIR MAJESTIES WAVING TO MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY WHO AWAITED THEM ON THE QUAY: THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THE PRINCESSES ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN." (L.N.A.)



APPROACHING SOUTHAMPTON: THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THE PRINCESSES, WHO CAME OUT TO MEET THEIR PARENTS IN A DESTROYER, ABOARD THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" AS SHE NEARED THE END OF HER VOYAGE. ("The Times.")



THE END OF A MEMORABLE ROYAL TOUR: THEIR MAJESTIES, WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET, WAITING TO LAND AFTER THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" HAD BEEN TOWED TO HER BERTH AT SOUTHAMPTON. (Keystone.)



THE PRINCESSES WELCOMED ABOARD THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" BY HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN C. H. SAPSWORTH, ON LEAVING THE "KEMPENFELT": THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES' REUNION WITH THEIR PARENTS. ("The Times.")



A GIFT FROM THE CREW OF THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN": THE PRINCESSES BEING PRESENTED WITH NIGHTDRESS CASES IN THE FORM OF GIANT PANDAS BY THE SHIP'S SMALLEST PAGES. ("The Times.")

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret boarded the destroyer "Kempenfelt" at Portsmouth on June 22 and were taken out to the Solent to meet the "Empress of Britain." They were welcomed aboard by Captain C. H. Sapsworth, commanding the liner, and excitedly greeted their parents, from whom they had

been parted so long. The Princesses were presented with nightdress cases in the form of giant pandas which had been subscribed for by the crew of the liner. As the ship was towed to her berth at Southampton their Majesties could be seen on the bridge with the Princesses, waving to those waiting on the quay.

THE KING AND QUEEN RETURN HOME: THE ROYAL LINER AT SOUTHAMPTON.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" BEING TOWED TO HER BERTH ON ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ONE OF THE R.A.F. AIRCRAFT WHICH ESCORTED THE LINER FROM THE CALSHOT LIGHTSHIP TO SOUTHAMPTON TOWN PIER, FLYING OVERHEAD. (P.N.A.)



ON THEIR WAY TO A WELCOME EXPRESSING THE PEOPLE'S FEELING OF GRATITUDE FOR A TASK ACCOMPLISHED IN A MANNER WHICH HAS STRENGTHENED OUR TIES WITH CANADA AND GIVEN AMERICANS A DEEP AFFECTION FOR OUR KING AND QUEEN: THEIR MAJESTIES DISEMBARKING AT SOUTHAMPTON. (Keystone.)

Although unfavourable weather caused the Home Fleet's official welcome to their Majesties to be cancelled, an escort of eighteen R.A.F. aircraft met the "Empress of Britain" off the Calshot lightship and dived in salute over the liner before manœuvring on the port and starboard side. The liner was preceded by motor

torpedo-boats and followed by naval picket boats and was towed to her berth by tugs. After the King and Queen had greeted members of the Royal Family aboard the "Empress of Britain," they walked down the gangway, followed by Princess Margaret and Queen Mary, to receive the first of many welcomes.

SOUTHAMPTON WELCOMES THE ROYAL TRAVELLERS: A CIVIC RECEPTION BY THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION.



A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THEY HAD LANDED: THE KING AND QUEEN WITH QUEEN MARY, WHO WENT ON BOARD THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" TO WELCOME THEM, AS THE NATIONAL ANTHEM WAS PLAYED. (Wide World.)



JUST AFTER THEIR MAJESTIES HAD STEPPED ASHORE: QUEEN MARY, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT, AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL FOLLOWING BEHIND THE KING AND QUEEN. (Central Press.)



A BRIEF CEREMONY OF WELCOME THAT TOOK PLACE AFTER THE LORD-LIEUTENANT'S RECEPTION: THE MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON MAKING PRESENTATIONS TO THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE CIVIC CENTRE, WHERE AN ARCH OF EVERGREENS BEARING THE INSCRIPTION "SOUTHAMPTON THANKS YOU," HAD BEEN ERECTED. (Topical.)

In accordance with the traditional custom, the King and Queen, after landing at Southampton Docks, where they were welcomed by members of the Royal Family, proceeded in an open landau to the Civic Centre, accompanied, as one report declared, by "a veritable hurricane of cheers." Here, on a dais on which the

members of the Southampton Corporation were assembled in their robes, the Mayor of Southampton, Councillor A. H. Powdrill, who was accompanied by Mrs. Powdrill, made a number of presentations, after which their Majesties and the two Princesses signed the Mayor's visitors' book before continuing their journey.

THE ARRIVAL IN THE CAPITAL: THEIR MAJESTIES REACH LONDON.



THE ANIMATED SCENE AT WATERLOO, SHOWING THEIR MAJESTIES WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH, QUEEN MARY (RIGHT), AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL. MR. CHAMBERLAIN IS SEEN WITH OTHER CABINET MINISTERS, AND IN THE FOREGROUND (BACK TO CAMERA) IS THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR, MR. JOSEPH KENNEDY. (P.N.A.)



SHOWING A SECTION OF THE IMMENSE CROWD WHICH HAD WAITED FOR HOURS ALONG THE PROCESSIONAL ROUTE TO WELCOME THEIR MAJESTIES: THE ROYAL CARRIAGE, WITH A CAPTAIN'S ESCORT OF LIFE GUARDS, PASSING THROUGH YORK ROAD ON ITS WAY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE. (Keystone.)

The enthusiasm of the entire nation found expression in the cheers of the multitude, many of whom had waited for hours, gathered to welcome their Majesties along the route taken by the royal procession from Waterloo to Buckingham Palace. In York Road, into which the procession turned after leaving the station,

the spectators were massed thickly all along the roadside, and as the first carriage, bearing the King and Queen with the two Princesses, emerged from the station entrance a great shout of welcome went up. The welcome at Waterloo Station was, as the top illustration shows, both official and private in character.

LONDON'S WELCOME: CABINET MINISTERS CHEER THEIR MAJESTIES.



THE CHEERS OF CABINET MINISTERS: THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE YOUNG PRINCESSES, WITH A CAPTAIN'S ESCORT OF LIFE GUARDS, PASSING THROUGH PARLIAMENT SQUARE. IN FOREGROUND (L. TO R.): MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD, SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, MR. W. S. MORRISON, LORD MAUGHAM, MR. L. BURGIN, SIR JOHN SIMON, AND MR. HORE-BELISHA.

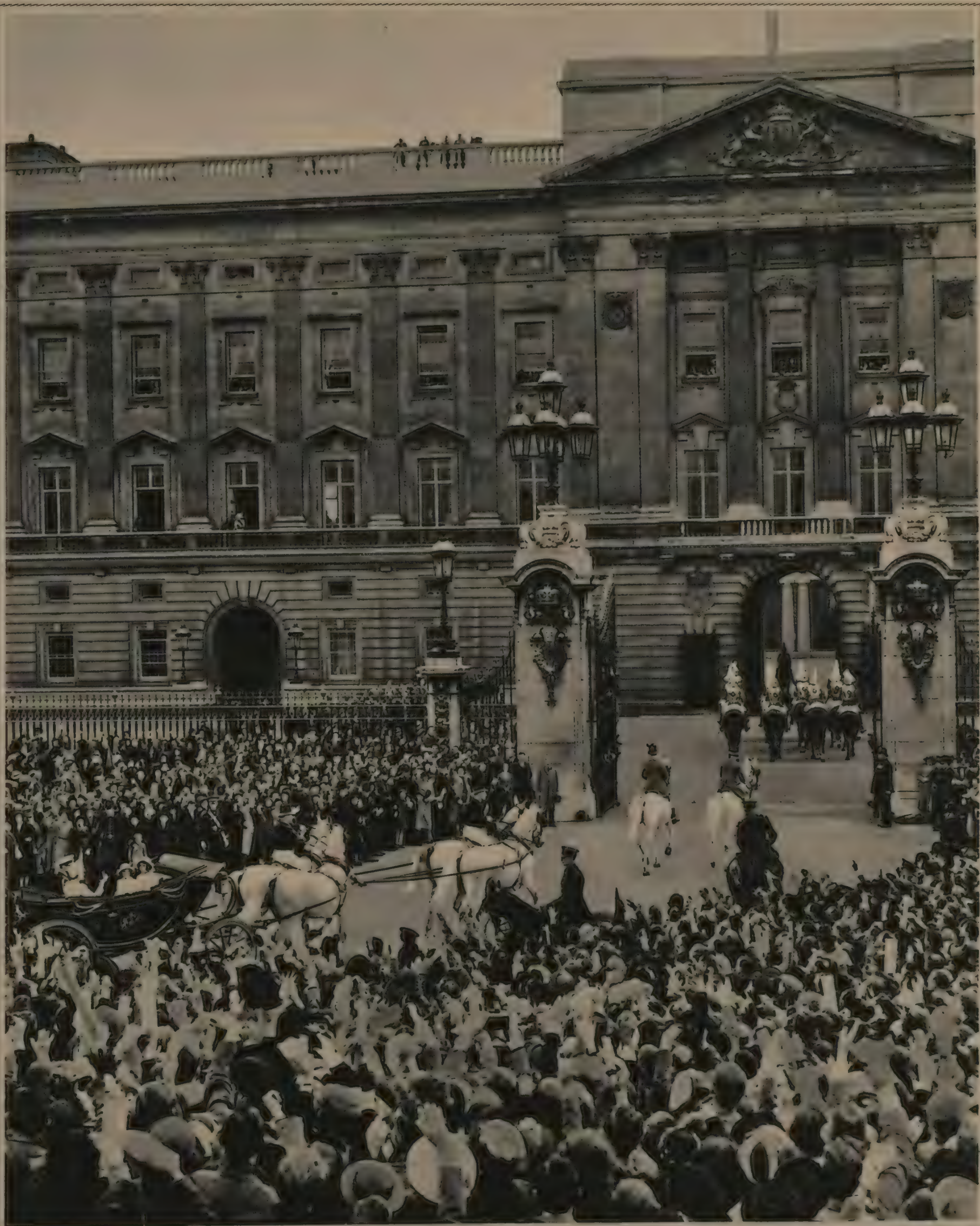


THE CHEERS OF THE MULTITUDE: THE SCENE AS THE ROYAL CAVALCADE, WITH THE KING AND QUEEN AND PRINCESSES ELIZABETH AND MARGARET IN THE ROYAL LANDAU, DROVE THROUGH THE MALL EN ROUTE FROM WATERLOO STATION TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Into the two miles from Waterloo Station to Buckingham Palace was compressed on June 22 the affection and loyalty of a nation. For hours people had waited to cheer their returning King and Queen. From Parliament Square could be heard the heralding crescendo of cheers, reaching a climax as the escorting Life

Guards turned into the Square. The King saluted his Government; the Queen bowed graciously and smiled; the Princesses looked pleased and happy. And Peers and Commons, Cabinet Ministers and the populace joined in a whole-hearted and resounding demonstration. (Photographs by Wide World and Keystone.)

THE ROYAL HOME-COMING: CHEERING CROWDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



THEIR MAJESTIES ENTERING THE GATES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER AN ABSENCE OF OVER SIX WEEKS: THE SCENE AS THE HUGE CROWD ACCLAIMED THE RETURN OF THE KING AND QUEEN FROM THEIR CANADIAN TOUR AND U.S.A. VISIT.

A vast number of people had begun to assemble outside Buckingham Palace some hours before their Majesties were expected; and as the time drew near for the royal procession to arrive, all space in front of the Palace gates was occupied. An expectant ripple went through the crowd as the Buckingham Palace detachment of the King's Guard was drawn up in the forecourt. Then the sound of cheering began to be heard—more loudly as their Majesties reached the Mall. A few minutes later

the royal procession swung slowly round the Victoria Memorial towards the Palace: and the huge crowd uttered a tremendous roar of greeting which completely drowned the clatter of the horses' hooves. It was now 6 o'clock: the procession had left Waterloo Station at 5.30. Shortly after their Majesties had entered the Palace, the crowd broke through the lines of police, and where there had been clear space was a sea of heads and waving hands right up to the closed gates. (Photograph by Central Press.)

ON their return to London the King and Queen received a welcome as amazing as any which was accorded them during their tour of Canada and visit to the United States. In spite of the fact that the occasion was not a public holiday, the route from Waterloo Station was lined with spectators at an early hour and their numbers steadily increased throughout the afternoon. By 5.30, when the royal train arrived at Waterloo, more than 1,000,000 people were waiting to catch a brief glimpse of their Majesties and to add their voices to the deafening roar of London's welcome. A single row of police was sufficient to keep the good-humoured crowd within bounds, and as the route was not lined by troops, many were able to obtain a good view of their Majesties as the open carriage went by, while those further back made the most of their position by using periscopes. In Whitehall the people were standing ten deep and there were groups of sightseers at every window. At Admiralty Arch the crowd was so dense that it was impossible to move. A body of members of the British Legion, drawn from many parts of the country, was stationed in the Mall and a line of Canadian ex-Service men wearing blue berets were drawn up at Admiralty Arch. On landing at Southampton the Queen had said: "We have been very excited at the thought of coming home. One is always glad to be home," and it was only fitting that they should be met with a demonstration which showed that the value of their strenuous tour in creating new friendships was recognised by all. The photograph on this page, showing their Majesties with the Princesses approaching Admiralty Arch on their drive to Buckingham Palace between crowds of cheering Londoners, provides an appropriate climax to their tour. (Herald.)



"ONE IS ALWAYS GLAD TO BE HOME": THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THE PRINCESSES, IN A CHEERING LONDONERS—MANY OF WHOM HAD PROVIDED THEMSELVES



LANDAU, APPROACHING ADMIRALTY ARCH ON THEIR DRIVE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE BETWEEN WITH PERISCOPES IN ORDER TO SEE THEIR MAJESTIES.

AN INSPIRING DEMONSTRATION OF LOYAL AFFECTION: DENSE THROUGHS WELCOMING THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE PALACE.



PART OF THE HUGE CROWD THAT GREETED THEIR MAJESTIES' RETURN HOME: A VAST CONCOURSE OF PEOPLE WAITING TO WELCOME THE KING AND QUEEN, WHO LATER CAME OUT ON TO THE BALCONY—A VIEW TAKEN FROM THE ROOF OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE. (B.I.P.P.A.)

The King and Queen were the objects of a great demonstration of loyalty and affection on the occasion of their return to Buckingham Palace on June 22 from their overseas tour, London showing itself determined not to be outdone by the ovations which had everywhere marked their Majesties' progress during

the recent historic visit to Canada and the United States. Several hours before the royal travellers were due, dense crowds of people began to assemble along the Mall and at the Victoria Memorial; and as the moment of arrival drew near every available space outside the Palace courtyard was occupied,



RECALLING SIMILAR SCENES ON THE FIRST ARMISTICE DAY: THE DENSE MASS OF CHEERING AND WAVING SPECTATORS WHICH GATHERED, SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES WERE EXPECTED, IN FRONT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO WELCOME THE KING AND QUEEN ON THEIR RETURN TO LONDON. (Kryger.)

as these illustrations show—the scenes recalling to mind those which took place in the same vicinity on the occasion of the first Armistice Day. The approach of the King and Queen was first heralded by the sound of cheering from the Mall, and a few moments later the royal procession passed slowly

round the Victoria Memorial and entered the Palace gates, to the accompaniment of a tremendous roar of cheering from the dense throngs of spectators. Some fifteen minutes after their Majesties had entered the Palace they appeared on the balcony, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret.

THE CITY WELCOMES THEIR MAJESTIES: THE SURRENDER OF THE PEARL SWORD; AND THE HISTORIC SCENE AT GUILDHALL.



THE AGE-OLD CEREMONY ATTENDING THEIR MAJESTIES' PROCESSION TO GUILDHALL: THE LORD MAYOR, SIR FRANK BOWATER, SURRENDERING THE PEARL SWORD TO THE KING—THE ROYAL CARRIAGE BEING HALTED AT TEMPLE BAR BY A RED SILKEN CORD HELD BY CITY POLICE. (Pland.)

"In Canada," said the King, speaking at the Guildhall banquet on June 23, "I saw everywhere not only the mere symbol of the British Crown; I saw also . . . institutions, British in origin, British in their slow and almost casual growth, which, because they are grounded root and branch on British

faith in liberty and justice, mean more to us even than the splendour of our history or the glories of our English tongue." He undertook the journey, his Majesty continued, with the desire to serve the ideals of the great British Commonwealth of Nations . . . "these were the objects which I and the



THE ROYAL PROCESSION FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO GUILDHALL ON JUNE 23: THE SCENE AS THE KING AND QUEEN PASSED DOWN FLEET STREET—THE CROWD CONTINUING THE WELCOME IT HAD GIVEN THEIR MAJESTIES ON THE PRECEDING DAY. (Pland.)



THE BRILLIANT SCENE AT GUILDHALL BEFORE THE BANQUET, SHOWING THEIR MAJESTIES BENEATH THE SPECIAL CANOPY: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. JOSEPH KENNEDY (THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR), QUEEN MARY, THE LORD MAYOR, THE QUEEN, THE KING, THE LADY MAYORESS, AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. (Krystone.)

Queen set out to fulfil." At the mention of the Queen a great and spontaneous cheer broke out; and the Queen's eyes filled with tears. Large crowds watched the royal procession to Guildhall, and the age-old ceremony at Temple Bar, where, with the bells of St. Clement's pealing, their Majesties'

carriage halted at a red silken cord held by two City police officers. Sir Frank Bowater, the Lord Mayor, then surrendered the Pearl Sword to his Majesty. Guildhall itself presented a worthy setting—the banners of the City Guilds high up on the walls, and the splendid chandeliers hanging from the ceiling.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ALTHOUGH

by nature an acquiescent and law-abiding person, I have lately found myself involved in one Revolution after another. Last week "The red fool-fury of the Seine" swirled round me in the diary of that cool-headed (but warm-hearted) American Minister at the Court of Louis XVI.—Gouverneur Morris. This week I have been immersed in a more recent and still vaster national deluge, recorded in "THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN MONARCHY": A Study of the Evidence. By Bernard Pares, Professor of Russian History, Languages and Literature, University of Liverpool, 1908-18; University of London, 1919-36. With 16 Illustrations and 6 Plans (Cape; 18s.).

Ever since it occurred, of course, the Russian Revolution has produced a crop of literature that is far from thin. Sir Bernard Pares discusses this literary harvest in detail, and enables us to sift the grain from the chaff. He himself has contributed no fewer than six previous works bearing on the subject, including a general "History of Russia" and an account of his own experiences there, entitled "My Russian Memoirs." Moreover, as he recalls, "Nearly everyone who was at all intimate with the extremely narrow circle of the Imperial home has written a book." Many less-qualified writers have also told the tale, or parts of it, either in books or in the Press. Hence the ground covered in the present volume seems more or less familiar; but, as the poet says (I hope I quote correctly):

Though old the thought,
and oft expressed,
'Tis his at last who says
it best.

The outstanding value of Sir Bernard's new book lies in the fact that it carries the weight of his unrivalled authority. It has taken him eight years to write, he tells us, and embodies "a thorough study of all other published materials which had by now become accessible to me." His readers can feel assured that the facts as he gives them are authentic, and shown in true proportion. There is also the virtue of a clear and well-balanced narrative, eminently readable. Nor are the "thoughts," or rather the statements, invariably "old," for the Revolution, as he points out, released a vast mass of fresh evidence, largely in the form of private letters and diaries. "As a student of history," he adds here, "I must pay the warmest tribute to Professor Michael Pokrovsky, the communist historian, to whom fell the priceless opportunity of making the greater part of this rich material accessible."

The chief official source of information is the *verbatim* report (filling seven volumes of about 500 pages each) of the Provisional Government's Investigating Commission set up by Kerensky in 1917, directly after the Tsar's abdication. The Commission was at work for eight months between the March and November Revolutions of that year. Equally

important are the Empress Alexandra's daily letters to her husband during their long periods of separation, with his much shorter replies. Indicating the main trend of the evidence, Sir Bernard Pares writes: "The story which emerges from this material is as tragic as anything I have ever known. Following the events throughout . . . I have become quite convinced that the cause of the ruin came not at all from below but from above. . . . The Tsar had many opportunities of putting things right, and several times he was on the point of taking them; the reader will find out why he did not. . . . We are faced with the strangest of human tangles, the complicated and abnormal relations of three persons—Rasputin, the Empress and the Emperor: set in an ascending order of authority and a descending order of influence. Yet it is impossible to treat this story as an intimately personal episode, because we are dealing with the most critical

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

events in the history of a people covering an enormous part of the surface of the earth."

It becomes abundantly clear that the reason why the Tsar missed his chances of preventing catastrophe was that the Empress consistently opposed any suggestion of Liberal reform, and time after time induced him to dismiss Ministers who showed a tendency in that direction and to replace them with reactionaries. We find her continually striving to turn this mildest of men into a domineering despot. Such a part he knew himself to be incapable of playing, and he often told her so, as when he made the pathetic protest—"one cannot snap at everyone." It seems strange that a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, presumably brought up within range of her influence, should have become so religiously obsessed with the idea of autocracy, as something different from other forms of monarchy. "Repeatedly," writes Sir Bernard, "she marks this distinction: 'But we are anointed by God.'"

Did she and her husband

ever realise the enormous mischief she had wrought, and perceive how, by their own conduct, they had together drawn disaster on themselves and their people? Such a speculation arises when we see the Empress (after the murder of Rasputin) seated at her desk "staring at a portrait of Marie Antoinette which stood facing her." Even after the Tsar's abdication and their removal to Tobolsk, she says in a letter: "I thank God for all that there has been . . . I shall live on memories. . . . I feel myself mother of the country." Sir Bernard Pares says, regarding their state of mind at that time: "One does not find in Nicholas any strong desire to escape. On her side one feels that there was still a hope not only of rescue, but even of a possible recovery of power. Her view was that Russia could not do without the Tsar and some day must again turn to him." Later, during the last journey to Ekaterinburg, we read: "When it was suggested that Nicholas was going to Moscow to be tried, the ex-Tsar replied: 'Trial? Nonsense!' The idea which he seemed to have was that on reaching Moscow he would be conveyed out of the country to Sweden, or more probably Denmark, where he had royal kinsfolk." Apparently he and the Empress went to their doom completely unconscious that they were themselves in any way responsible for what had happened.

Sir Bernard Pares finds in the Empress's letters "the chief clue to the fall of the monarchy" and "indispensable evidence of that side of her activity for which she must answer before the bar of history," as "a source of ruin for millions of human beings." While thus convicting her of a disastrous interference in politics, however, he refutes all charges against her personal character and stresses the purity of her motives. "With the Empress," we read, "Rasputin's influence was . . . an absolute obsession; but nothing could be clearer than its limitations. He was for her a holy man, almost a Christ: she at one time speaks of him as such. It would have seemed treason to her to doubt it, when he appeared at last as an answer to her prayers and accomplished the miracle which the doctors had declared to be impossible; and for that very reason she entirely and absolutely refused to believe that there was any truth at all in what was said against him. . . . We shall miss the whole tragedy of this story, if we do not realise that it was a Victorian English prudery in her which simply refused to face the facts, as too disgusting for belief, in the light of the 'prophet's' conduct in the palace, his talk of religion, and what he was doing for her son in answer to her agonised prayers."

The tale of the Russian Army's heroic part in the Great War is told at considerable length, along with

the sinister story of political intrigue and official incompetence in St. Petersburg. There came a time, while the Tsar was away at the front, when the government of Russia was really in the hands of Rasputin. Of this period Sir Bernard Pares writes: "To put them in the order in which they counted—he, the Empress and Protopopov were in constant conference . . . and their wishes were then communicated to the Emperor for confirmation. At times the Empress actually wrote out a list of all the decisions that were to be taken and asked for a simple telegram to confirm them." She would not brook opposition. "In face of the speeches in the Duma," we read later, "she saw her whole position and that of Rasputin vitally threatened and, in the words of Simanovich, she became 'like a furious lioness defending her lair.' On the 12th she had written of Protopopov and Stürmer: 'They both believe in Our Friend's wonderful, God-sent

(Continued on page 36.)



COMMEMORATING THE HUNDRED YEARS OF NEW ZEALAND'S HISTORY AS A BRITISH COLONY AND BRITISH DOMINION: THE CENTENNIAL ISSUE OF POSTAGE STAMPS, WHICH WILL BE ON SALE IN THE DOMINION FROM JANUARY 2, 1940.

By the Treaty of Waitangi, 1840, New Zealand became a British Colony; in 1852 she was granted self-government. In most of these stamps Maori weapons and ornament are introduced. Their subjects and colours are—1d.: the landing of the Maoris in their main migration of about 1350; deep green. 1d.: the rediscovery and charting of New Zealand by Captain Cook in 1769; red frame, deep brown centre. 1d.: the five British Sovereigns during the 100 years of New Zealand's history as a Colony and a Dominion; purple frame, blue centre. 2d.: Abel Tasman's discovery of New Zealand in 1642; brown frame, deep green centre. 2d.: the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi, Feb. 6, 1840, by which New Zealand was ceded to the British Crown; violet frame, sage-green centre. 3d.: the landing of the New Zealand Company's immigrants, the founders of Wellington, on Petone Beach, Jan. 22, 1840; crimson frame, purple centre. 4d.: New Zealand's progress in transport from bullock-wagon to aeroplane; purple frame, brown centre. 5d.: H.M.S. "Britomart's" arrival and the hoisting of the British flag at Akaroa, Aug. 11, 1840; brown frame, blue centre. 6d.: the first shipment of frozen mutton by the "Dunedin" from Port Chalmers on Feb. 15, 1882; violet frame, green centre. 7d.: a Maori Council before a chief's "whare," or home, illustrating the Maori arts of oratory and decoration and their contribution to New Zealand's history; red frame, black centre. 9d.: gold-mining by individual prospectors in 1861 and by a modern dredge in 1940; orange frame, sage-green centre. 1s.: the age-old giant kauri pine, Tane Mahuta; green-black frame, silver-buff centre. The stamps were designed in New Zealand and engraved and printed by Messrs. Bradbury Wilkinson and Co., Ltd.

Unhappily, she never acquired the wider and more democratic outlook which inspired Tennyson to say—

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

As it is, we get the impression that the Empress Alexandra was a fatal example of rigid piety, combined with inexperience of the world, placed by destiny in an exalted position that gave her an incalculable influence for good or evil. Her blind faith in Rasputin, it seems, was not entirely due to his power of healing her afflicted son (a power which Sir Bernard Pares states he undoubtedly possessed). She also saw in that disreputable "prophet" a type and representative of the Russian peasantry, who all looked up to the Tsar and had no use for reformers.

A FATAL FIRE IN QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.



THE FIRE IN QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, IN WHICH ONE WOMAN WAS KILLED: (UPPER) DRAMATIC RESCUES FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE BLAZING BUILDINGS, AND (LOWER) A FIREMAN PLAYING JETS OF WATER ON TO THE RAGING FLAMES FROM ONE OF THE HIGH TOWERS ERECTED FOR THE PURPOSE.

On June 26 a woman lost her life and a fireman was injured in a fire which broke out on the premises of Schenkers, Ltd., shipping and forwarding agents, in Queen Victoria Street, E.C. The dead woman was Miss Wratten, of Sidcup, and was thirty years old. Several employees were rescued by fire-escapes, while others, finding their means of escape cut off by the flames and smoke, climbed on to the roof, and then on to other buildings. Firemen erected high water-towers in Queen Victoria Street, and thus constant jets of water were played on the flames. Hoses were also used from the roofs of neighbouring houses, including that of the College of Arms—where, though separated by a narrow lane from the flames, the precaution was taken of removing records to another part of the building. The curtain of a window in the College caught alight, and the Garter Principal King of Arms, Sir Gerald Woods Wollaston, helped to extinguish the flames. The fire was under control within an hour. (Photographs by G.P.U. and Fox Photos.)

IN THE CITY DANGER ZONE: THE BARBICAN FIRE.

The most disastrous fire which has occurred for some time in the City danger zone broke out at 7 p.m. on June 27 at the corner of Barbican and New Zealand Avenue, E.C. A general call was issued to all fire stations in the L.C.C. area to send appliances, and soon three hundred firemen were engaged at the scene of the fire. Some two hundred members of the Auxiliary Fire Service were also on duty. When the fire began there were about a hundred men and women in the various buildings involved and many had narrow escapes from death, saving themselves only by climbing to the roofs of neighbouring buildings and so to the street. The flames rose more than 100 ft. high and the alleyways and courts were filled with smoke. The fire was got under control within three hours, but four buildings in New Zealand Avenue and three in Barbican were burned out and eight other buildings were damaged. Many of the warehouses concerned were stocked with highly inflammable goods, which fed the flames so that at one time it looked as if the fire would spread down to the junction of Aldersgate and Barbican. Photographs by Keystone and Associated Press.



THE MOST DISASTROUS FIRE IN THE CITY FOR MANY YEARS: (UPPER) FIREMEN PLAYING THEIR HOSES ON THE BURNING BUILDINGS FROM TURNABLE LADDERS; AND (LOWER) AUXILIARY FIREMEN, WEARING STEEL HELMETS, HELPING THE FIRE BRIGADES TO PREVENT THE FLAMES FROM SPREADING TO NEARBY BUILDINGS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: OUTSTANDING EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



TO TRAVEL AT FOUR KNOTS AND MANNED BY EIGHTY VOLUNTEERS: A HUGE FLOATING DOCK LEAVING PORTSMOUTH FOR AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION. (Sport and General.)

The enormous floating dock seen in the above illustration has been a familiar sight in Portsmouth Harbour for many years. On June 24 the dock was towed out by Dutch tugs and later sailed for an unknown destination, with eighty men who volunteered for the duration of the voyage. Floating docks, which are not so infrequent a sight in the Channel as might be imagined, travel at about four knots.



AN INTERESTING DEMONSTRATION OF ITALIAN NAVAL POWER: A VISITING SQUADRON OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN NAVY MOORED IN A SPANISH PORT. (L.N.A.)

On June 19 the First Squadron of the Italian Navy sailed from Naples on a fortnight's visit to Spanish ports, to Lisbon and Tangier. The squadron, consisting of more than thirty ships, included the two battle-ships "Cavour" and "Giulio Cesare," ten cruisers, twenty destroyers, and an unspecified number of submarines, and carried in all about 1000 officers and 20,000 ratings. Our picture gives a view of the squadron moored in close formation in Spanish waters.



THE WINNER OF THE GREYHOUND DERBY AT THE WHITE CITY: HIGHLAND RUM WITH HIS SILVER TROPHY. (A.P.) The Greyhound "Derby," which took place at the White City on June 24, was won by Highland Rum, a racing greyhound of Irish pedigree. Above, the winner, whose fine lines will be noted, is seen with the cup at his kennels, where he was "at home" to friends at Walton-on-Thames, and accompanied by his trainer, Mr. Fortune, his owner, Mr. Harty, and the kennel boy, who remained with the animal throughout several nights before the great race.



THE VANISHING BEAUTY OF SAIL: A NORWEGIAN TRAINING-SHIP IN NEW YORK HARBOUR. (Wide World.) The wind-propelled sailing vessel, which called forth lyrical praise from Conrad and Masfield and scores of other writers on the sea at the close of last century, is rapidly disappearing from the face of the ocean, and will soon be naught but a "museum piece." This striking photograph is of the "Christian Radich," a full-rigged Norwegian training-ship from Oslo with 94 Merchant Marine cadets on board, taken as she sailed into New York Harbour.



ON EXHIBITION AT 145, PICCADILLY: EARL BALDWIN'S PRESENTATION COPY OF LAWRENCE OF ARABIA'S "THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM" AND HIS BRIAR PIPE OF INTERNATIONAL FAME. (Keystone.)



SOUVENIRS OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE ROYAL AND HISTORIC EXHIBITION: A CORNER OF THE ROYAL NURSERY AT 145, PICCADILLY. (Keystone.)

London is accustomed to exhibitions of every type and character, and "unique" is a term which can rarely be applied to any one of them. The new Exhibition of Royal and Historic Treasures, in aid of the Heritage Craft Schools at Chailley, Sussex, is certainly unique, however. It was opened on June 29 by the originator and President, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, at 145, Piccadilly, the house which their Majesties occupied for several years after their marriage and



THE ORIGINATOR OF THE EXHIBITION, PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, EXAMINING SOME PERSONAL BELONGINGS OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH, PRINCESS MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA. (Wide World.)

where the babyhood of their two daughters was spent. Objects of art or of historic interest have been loaned by every member of the Royal Family, and the exhibits are extraordinarily varied in character, ranging from Lord Baldwin's pipe and Nelson's stick to Queen Elizabeth's petticoat and George III.'s razor. The Exhibition, which includes much of their Majesties' original furniture, and a clock which plays "God Save the King," will remain open until September 29.

NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS: A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF CURRENT EVENTS.



BEFORE THE CRASH AND LEADING AFTER 21 LAPS OUT OF THE 33 OF THE COURSE: DICK SEAMAN CORNERING IN HIS MERCEDES ON A WET SURFACE. (A.P.)

A FEW SECONDS AFTER THE CRASH FROM WHICH SEAMAN DIED LATER THE SAME DAY: THE CAR, OVERTURNED AND IN FLAMES. (Keystone.)

On June 25 Mr. Richard Seaman, a leading British racing motorist, died in Spa Hospital, Belgium, having been injured and burned when his Mercedes car overturned in the Belgian Grand Prix earlier in the day. He was leading after 21 of the 33 laps when the fatal crash occurred. Seaman, who was twenty-six years old, began his racing career in 1933 with a two-litre Bugatti. In 1934 he joined Mr. Whitney Straight's stable of racing cars, achieving many successes. In 1937

he made his début with the German team of Mercedes-Benz, and in 1938 came the highest point in his career, when he won the German Grand Prix at the Nurburg Ring, and was later adjudged runner-up for the European championship. Six months ago he married Fräulein Ericka Popp, daughter of the managing director of the Bayerische Motoren Werke A.G.; she was at his bedside in Spa Hospital. A portrait of Mr. Seaman appears on page 28.

A BELGIAN CATASTROPHE WHICH CAUSED AT LEAST ONE DEATH AND IMMENSE DAMAGE: A VIEW OF THE ALBERT CANAL AT GODSCHEIDE, A SUBURB OF HASSELT, WHERE IT BURST ITS BANKS.

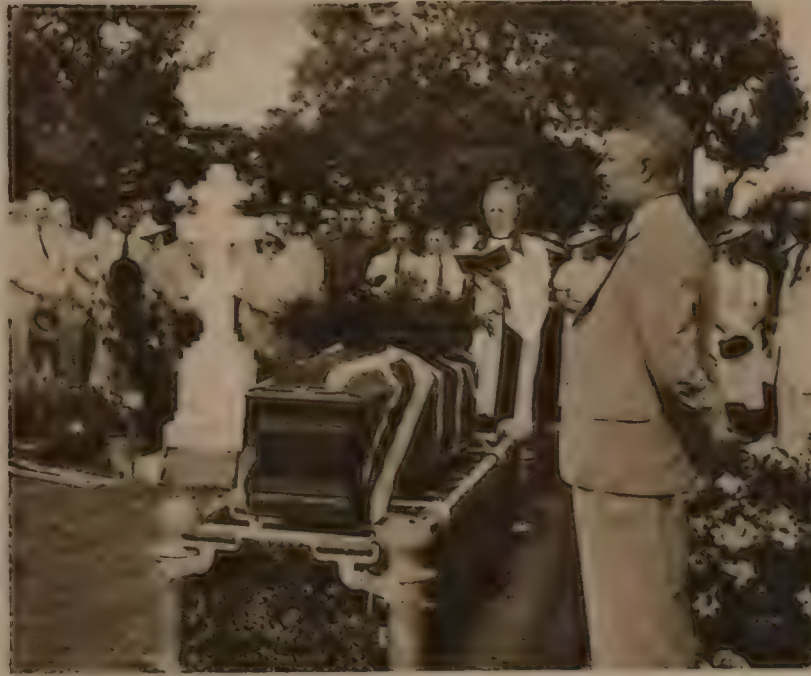
(Central Press.)

The new £15,000,000 Albert Canal, which was to have been officially opened to traffic to-day (July 1), burst its banks on June 26 at Hasselt, the capital of the Limburg province, flooding the lower part of the town and causing the death of the engineer responsible for the construction of the canal and damage estimated at hundreds of millions of francs. The Russian engineer, M. Ivan Cogean, who rushed to the scene when leakages were first reported, was killed by falling masonry.



IN MEMORY OF THOSE LOST IN THE FRENCH SUBMARINE "PHÉNIX": THE SERVICE HELD AT NOTRE DAME IN PARIS ON JUNE 23. (Wide World.)

A service in memory of those lost in the French submarine "Phénix," which disappeared on June 15 with a crew of seventy-one on board during a practice dive in Cam-Ranh Bay, was held at Notre Dame in Paris on June 23. The dead were represented by an anchor flanked by naval guards. The service was attended by M. Lebrun, the President of the Republic; M. Daladier, the Prime Minister; the British and German Ambassadors, and other members of the Diplomatic Corps.



THE BURIAL OF THE BRITISH VICTIM OF A JAPANESE ATTACK: THE FUNERAL AT HUNGJAO OF MR. R. M. TINKLER. (Keystone.)

The funeral of Mr. R. M. Tinkler, the Englishman who died on June 7 following bayonet wounds inflicted by Japanese marines the preceding day, took place on June 10 at the Hungjao cemetery. After the fracas at the British-owned Junchong Mill, Pootung, Mr. Tinkler was arrested, and, with his wounds roughly sewn up, moved across the river to Shanghai before being operated on. A strong protest was lodged by the British Consular authorities.

SOURCES OF BRITAIN'S POWER: A GERMAN VIEWPOINT.

"HOW STRONG IS BRITAIN?": By COUNT PÜCKLER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

COUNT PÜCKLER was, until recently, London correspondent of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, and this book, written by one who knows Britain and the British, is an attempt to give his own countrymen a just idea of the resources and weaknesses of Britain as a Power which might be called upon to face a major war.

Just it is; and, so far as its limits of size allow, comprehensive. The author throughout writes like a man who wishes to state the facts; whatever may be his own opinions and wishes, he leaves them out of account in a manner rare amongst political authors, and especially German ones. Here and there occur comprehensible omissions. In his argument, quite sound, that British Governments to-day are largely governed by ethical considerations, he allows for the influence of the *prima facie* case which the Germans had for annexing the Sudetenland, but he wrote too early for Prague, and he is silent as to the reactions caused here by the brutalities and robberies committed by the régime against Jews and others. He makes it a charge against us that we refuse "to give back Germany her colonies," though he points out elsewhere, as one of our advantages gained since 1914, that "the seizure of Germany's colonies in Africa means that British shipping to-day has nothing to fear there and that the enormous Indian Ocean is once again safely in British hands." But on the whole it is a book which might have equally well been written by an Englishman resolved to be scientifically honest without being influenced by either fear or desire. And, since the ordinary Englishman is extremely vague about the problems discussed, it should be as enlightening to the public here as to the public in Germany, and may even serve as a stimulus to us—which it, presumably, was not intended to be.

The Englishman who goes through it "hoping for the best" will find himself constantly alternating between depression and comfort. There is, no doubt, nothing novel about the statement that since we became the Workshop of the World we have gradually lost our pre-eminence, and that though much may be done to assist our export trade, in the old degree that pre-eminence is irrecoverable. The figures about the decay of our shipbuilding and shipping industries are melancholy, and it cannot be a permanent consolation that the yards are once again busy with Government orders. There is not much cheer about the chapter on Agriculture. The foreign visitor was a little over the mark who said that "the British Minister for Agriculture should really be called the Minister for Golf Courses and Flower Gardens"; but even if it be true that our gross output of food is about the same as it was in 1913, we cannot overlook the facts that the population has increased and that, during the last war, we were within a few weeks of starvation and that, even if it be true that warships are now fairly well protected against submarines and aircraft, we cannot be sure what risks merchant shipping will run from bombers. Our investments abroad, again, are shakier than they were, and the outlets for our money-lending activities progressively shrink as economic self-sufficiency spreads and the practice of repudiation has to be faced. But Great Britain is still the richest country in the world, and has a unique command of raw materials, whilst, in Count Pückler's eyes, she is much stronger in a military sense than pessimists allow.

Even before the recent measures for strengthening the Army, he did not find our Army hopelessly inadequate to the needs of a country which had no land frontiers and ran no risk of invasion unless a Navy was defeated whose defeat would bring ruin in any event. The Navy may be smaller than of old,

but so are other navies; and in concentrating on a vast Air Force expansion Britain is doing precisely what Count Pückler, as a detached observer, would recommend. His account of our various forces is succinct and his commentary interesting throughout. Our great defensive weakness (for he assumes instant and vast air-raiding as the first action of undeclared war) is the concentration of so much of our industry and a quarter of our population in the London area. On the whole, it is evident that he thinks that, granted intelligent and vigorous action now, we can be as formidable to our enemies as ever we were. And it

militarism and peace-time slackness about organisation means demoralisation or apathy, and that they must not suppose that because we stand pin-pricks without retaliation all the fight has gone out of us. "A lion which allows its hairs to be pulled out without offering any very serious objection can very easily become an object of contempt. Its prestige begins to decline, and perhaps the world even tends to forget that it is a lion after all. Now British prestige is almost constantly being subjected to attacks of one kind and another in various parts of the world, and very often the only answer is a protest by the Foreign Office and a certain amount of growling in the Press. In this way the idea has arisen that British prestige is on the wane and the conclusion is facile that Great Britain is too weak to prevent it." But "the interests of Great Britain are many and varied, and they are so spread over the world that she cannot possibly exert her full power every time one of her minor interests is attacked. In order to avoid frittering away or prematurely expending the strength of the country, the British Government must decide carefully in each individual case exactly how much strength it is worth while exerting." These sentences might well be borne in mind by many in this country.

There are final passages which may enlighten German readers, not concerning our strength alone but concerning our governing ideals. Count Pückler maintains that, since the Statute of Westminster, the Empire is more united than ever, and points out that, in British eyes, it is a League of Nations in itself, and a model to the rest of the world. At a time when so much malicious play is made abroad about our difficulties and "atrocities" on isolated fringes like Palestine and the North-West Frontier, he is almost warm in his demonstration that we keep a quarter of the world in peace and are giving it an ever-growing liberty.

Air raid precautions are important enough; even in the Island of Skye (my information regarding activities there is admittedly second-hand) they can do no harm. But the growth and storage of food and the control of overseas communications in wartime are crucially important; and the two are inter-related, as the less we depend on our depleted merchant fleet for food, the fewer ships we shall have to detail for convoying. Once we have permanently fixed these facts in our minds we may reasonably look with complacency on certain other facts. Foreigners learnt little from the rally to the Boer War; the last war, and recent developments, have taught them something; they can no longer hoodwink themselves into thinking that the Empire, in an emergency, is liable to "go on strike." "It may be taken as absolutely certain," says Count Pückler, "that neither Australia nor

New Zealand would think of neutrality." "The Union of South Africa," he states, "obviously," "would first want to know who were the enemies of Great Britain"; but he adds, austere repressing even a sigh, that "if amongst those enemies was a power which in the event of victory would perhaps demand colonies in the South of the African continent, there would be little doubt about the decision of the Union; it would assist Great Britain with all the forces at her command." Canada, he says, is "the most difficult case." Even here he admits that "should Great Britain obviously be in a position of great jeopardy at any time during the course of the war, the economic interest of Canada would then very probably lead to her throwing her full military weight into the scales on Great Britain's side." It doesn't matter to us what motive he ascribes, and if he can see nothing behind Canada's movements but "economic interest," that is his affair. The thing that matters is that those who feel like challenging Britain should realise that they are challenging a United Empire as well: it might give them pause.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

is equally evident that he is impressed by the preparations which we are making, and particularly with the "shadow factories." It is true that we have been tardy, and men will still blame our post-war Governments for that tardiness. But we tend to forget (what Count Pückler points out) how much better prepared we are at the moment than we were—not, say, in 1931, but in 1914, when we had virtually no framework at all for expansion in any direction, human or material. We may have been frightened out of our lethargy; at least, in his opinion, we have been roused to remarkable effect.

The conclusions to be drawn by us from the book—obvious, but always needing restatement—are that our main objects must be to retain command of the seas against surface, under-surface, and over-surface craft, to earn money abroad, and to reduce so far as possible, though we cannot entirely do away with, our dependence upon overseas food supplies. The main warnings which Count Pückler addresses to others are that they must not repeat the fatal and old mistake of thinking that our good temper and dislike of

* "How Strong is Britain?" By Count Pückler. Translated from the German by Edward Fitzgerald. (Routledge; 7s. 6d.)



THE COLOUR OF A T'ANG FIGURE (618-906 A.D.): A RECONSTRUCTION BASED ON TRACES OF PIGMENT FOUND ON A PIECE OF POTTERY FROM A TOMB.

Those of our readers who are interested in T'ang figures have no doubt frequently wondered what they may have looked like when originally placed in the tomb and what colours were used for the costumes of the Court officials and ladies of that period when the Chinese Empire was experiencing its greatest expansion. Fortunately the figure from which the above reproduction has been made held traces of all the pigments applied to it, and from these it was possible to reconstruct an almost exact facsimile of the original painting.

There were also traces of design on various parts of the figure from which the original rich embroidery on the dress could well be imagined. The lady, without a doubt, belonged to the Court of a Prince or a very high official, and was one of a tomb group of figures wearing nearly the same kind of dress and head-dress. Several other examples of a similar type are known to exist, including one in the collection of Mr. Eumorfopoulos and another in the British Museum. The actual position held by the lady at the Court is unknown.

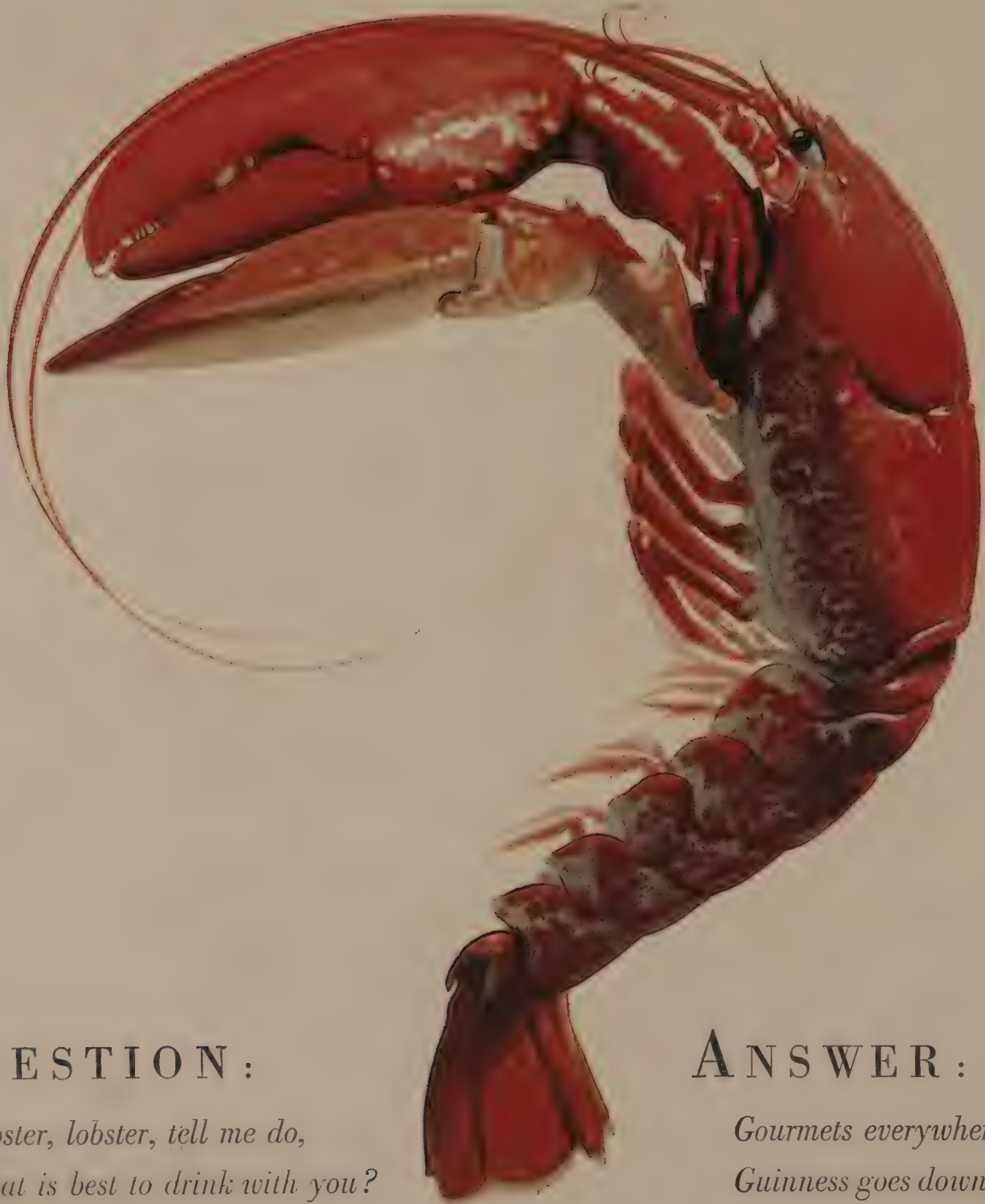
REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF SIR HERBERT INGRAM, Bt.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE ROYAL TRAVELLER WHO HAS RETURNED FROM HER "CONQUEST" OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES—A PORTRAIT WHICH HANGS IN THE KING'S STUDY IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

From the Portrait by T. Martine Rosalson, and Reproduced by Gracious Permission of His Majesty the King.



QUESTION :

*Lobster, lobster, tell me do,
What is best to drink with you?*

ANSWER :

*Gourmets everywhere agree
Guinness goes down best with me.*



There's nothing like a
Guinness with Lobster

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SEA-SQUIRTS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I HAVE had occasion recently to refresh my memory on that most fascinating theme, the "Origin of the Vertebrates." Now those who have had no training in zoology may well ask, to begin with, what are "the Vertebrates"? Broadly speaking, the term is used to include all those members of the animal kingdom which have a backbone—a more or less flexible rod running the whole length of the body from head to tail, as, for example, in the fishes, reptiles, and so on, up to and including man himself. But these did not come into being as, so to speak, "finished products of Nature," but as a consequence of adjustments, made in the course of millions of years, by way of responses to the conditions imposed on them in the course of their pursuit of food. The start was made, in the case of each of the great groups, by lowly creatures barely distinguishable from members of that other, yet larger, division of the animal kingdom which we call the Invertebrates, because they have no such continuous supporting-rod. In the very earliest members of the Vertebrate group, indeed, no more than a rudiment, an "adumbration," of a backbone can be found.

To tell the whole story of this wonderful evolution without citing the evidence derived from the laborious studies of comparative anatomists would be impossible. The broad outlines, however, of this fascinating history of the Vertebrates "in the making" are to be traced, not in a continuous sequence, but along tortuous pathways full of pitfalls. As a specimen of the nature of the pedigree-hunting which has to be done to unravel this tangled skein, let me begin, not with the very lowest type, but with those strange and most interesting

of the tadpoles of frogs and toads. That is to say, they have a well-defined body, which is propelled through the water by a large tail. Internally they are found to possess a "notochord," the forerunner of the vertebral column of the higher vertebrates, from the fishes to man himself. And, in like manner, there runs along the top of this a nerve cord to the brain. But the mouth takes the form of a sucker, and with this they quickly fasten themselves to rocks and stones on the sea-floor, head downwards. Henceforth their growth is retrogressive. The tail, as in the

is for the intake of fresh water, bringing in food and oxygen, and the other for the discharge of the water which has become vitiated. If one of these bags, such as is shown in the cluster-growing *Dendrodoa* (Fig. 1), is touched by the fingers it will send out a jet of water by the contraction of the case—hence the name sea-squirts. Some species are tubular and stand up vertically, and others are compound, forming a colony of individuals. A large number of species display this colonial form of life. And some reproduce by budding, rather than from eggs. Horizontal bands of

tissue grow out from the base of the colony, and from these, eventually, "buds" appear, to grow upwards from the rock into individuals like those of the parent colony.

Standing in the strongest possible contrast with these sedentary types are the strange, barrel-shaped "Salps," such as is shown in Fig. 3. Herein the body is transparent as glass, and would be invisible but for solid, muscular, encircling bands, which, by their contraction and expansion, alternately draw in a column of water bringing in food, and then force it out again, thereby driving the body forwards. But it displays a strange reproductive mode of multiplication, known as the alternation of generations. In the one shown, this is by the normal means of eggs, but the offspring in no way resemble the parent form. Instead, they are linked up to form a long chain of individuals which give rise, when their time for reproduction arrives, to the parent form. The nearly-related species *Doliolum* looks like a glass barrel bound round by hoops, which are muscle-bands for propelling the body. Very often one of the Crustacea, known as *Phronima*, enters this barrel,



1. A COMMON ASCIDIAN OF THE SEASHORE: ONE OF THE "SEA-SQUIRTS," THE CLUSTER-GROWING *DENDRODOA GROSSULARIS*, GROWING ON ROCKS AND SHOWING THE TWO TUBES FOR THE INTAKE AND EXPULSION OF WATER.

It is difficult to regard this species as one of the "primitive Vertebrates," but it began life as a tadpole-larva, to be presently transformed into its degenerate adult state—a mere "jelly-bag"!

Photograph by Douglas P. Wilson, Marine Biological Laboratory, Plymouth.



2. ONE OF THE COLONY-FORMING SPECIES: THE REMARKABLE PYROSOMA, IN WHICH THOUSANDS OF INDIVIDUALS ARISE FROM A TUBE-SHAPED BODY WHICH MAY BE 4 FT. IN LENGTH AND 10 IN. IN DIAMETER.

At night these colonies emit a powerful phosphorescent light, and when swimming in large numbers light up the sea over enormous areas.

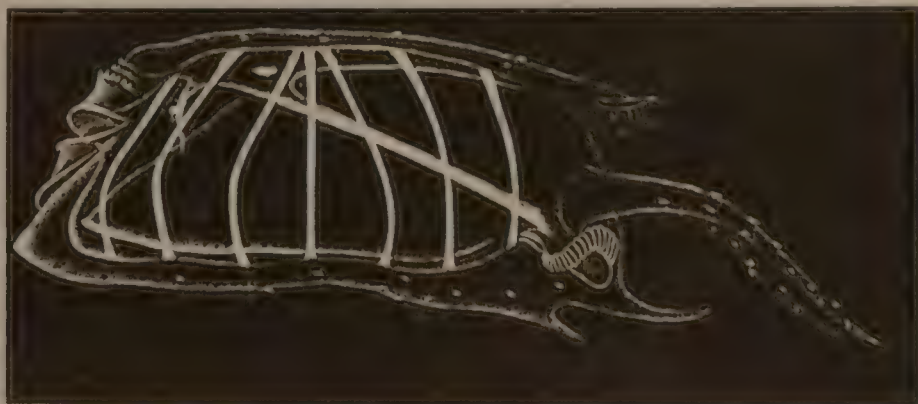
animals commonly called "sea-squirts," which those of my readers who enjoy hunting in rock-pools during the summer holiday will almost certainly have encountered, and almost as certainly have wondered what particular kind of animals they could be. They shall be described presently. Suffice it to say now that they are but one of four types of the sea-squirt tribe differing so widely in form from one another that their inter-relationship was not made clear until after a great deal of patient research by marine zoologists, extending over many years.

So complex is the story that it is difficult to know where to begin. There is nothing else quite like it in all the rest of the animal kingdom, for it concerns, throughout, the history of successful degenerates. They enter on the stage with the promise of beginning a life of more or less dignified success, yet they all travel along different roads to inevitable degeneracy. On hatching from the egg they speedily develop into larvæ resembling those of many larval fishes, or

tadpole, is absorbed to build up the tissues of the body that is to be—a degenerate body.

There are exceptions to every rule. In one group, for example, the Larvaceæ, the tadpole stage is retained throughout life. They never "grow up." There are many species, most of them no more than a few millimetres long, with transparent bodies. But one species runs up to a length of nearly two inches. All live in the open sea, and some are tinted with violet or orange, swimming at the surface in such myriads as to colour hundreds of acres of water.

The next group, Ascidiacea, includes the familiar "sea-squirts," to which reference has just been made. Most of these live anchored to rocks and present a great range in form and size and coloration. At first sight they have the appearance of bags of jelly, though some species have an external encrustation of gravel or broken shells. Some are as large as a walnut, some smaller, some larger, but all have two tubes projecting from the case. One of these



3. HAVING A GLASS-LIKE BODY, WITH TRANSVERSE MUSCULAR BANDS WHICH BY THEIR CONTRACTION AND EXPANSION PROPEL IT THROUGH THE WATER: ONE OF THE "SALPS" (ADULT FORM).

This species, one of the "Salps," lives in the open sea far from land. The adult, sexual stage gives rise to a long chain of asexual individuals.

eats away the contents, and uses the empty shell as a sort of glass coach, feeding on the minute organisms drawn in by the waving of his swimming-legs.

Finally, we come to the no less remarkable *Pyrosoma* (Fig. 2). Here again the body is barrel-shaped and floats about in the open sea. But it is formed of a colony composed of hundreds of tube-like individuals which at night give out a brilliant phosphorescent light. There are four species of this type, the largest of which exceeds a length of four feet.

In Australian waters they set the sea aglow at night, from east to west, as far as the eye can reach. As the ship from which one of these shoals was seen ploughed its way through, flashes of light were emitted. The late Professor Mosely, during the voyage of the *Challenger*, captured a giant *Pyrosoma*, 4 feet long and 10 inches in diameter. When hauled up he wrote his name with his finger on the surface of this colony as it lay on deck in a tub at night, and "my name came out in a few seconds in letters of fire."

THE ALL-ENGLAND LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS: MEN AND WOMEN PLAYERS SELECTED FOR THE SINGLES.



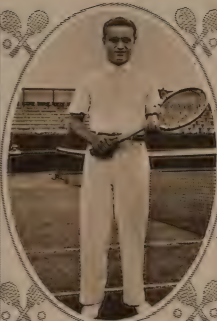
R. L. RIGGS (U.S.A.).
Ranked No. 2 at Wimbledon.

THE fifty-eighth meeting for the All-England Lawn Tennis Championships opened on June 26 and will continue until July 8. J. D. Budge, who last year won the Men's Singles, the Doubles (with C. Mako), and the Mixed Doubles (with Miss Alice Marble), has since become a professional player and is therefore not defending his titles. H. W. Austin is the only British representative among the seeded players for the Men's Singles. He was runner-up to Budge last year, and this is the thirteenth meeting at which he has competed. D. McNeill became champion of France by beating F. L. Riggs in the final at Auteuil on June 17. The Americans are newcomers to the seeding list, as is I. Tlozynski, of Poland, who had victories in the Davis Cup over H. Henkel and R. Menzel of Germany. Kio Sin Kie, the British Hard Court Champion, who ranked at No. 8 last year, has not been seeded at all, neither has O. Sigetti, the champion of Germany. Mrs. F. S. Moody (Helen Wills) is not defending her title, but Miss Helen Jacobs, who was runner-up last year, has been seeded No. 2, with Miss Alice Marble, the champion of America, as No. 1. Miss K. E. Stammers and Miss R. M. Hardwick represent Great Britain among the players seeded for the Women's Singles. Miss Stammers was recently beaten by Miss Alice Marble in the final of the Women's Singles at the Kent Championships at Beckenham. Fru S. Sperling was beaten in the semi-finals last year by Mrs. Helen Wills Moody; she reached the final in 1931 and 1936 and the semi-final in 1933. Mme. R. Mathieu has been in the Singles semi-finals on five occasions, and Mile. J. Jedrzejowska reached the semi-final in 1936 and the final in 1937. (Photographs by D. R. Stuart Sport and General, and L.N.A.)

(Continued on right.)



D. McNEILL (U.S.A.).
Ranked No. 3 at Wimbledon.



F. PUNCER (Yugoslavia).
Ranked No. 4 at Wimbledon.



MME. R. MATHIEU (France).
Ranked No. 4 at Wimbledon.



FRU S. SPERLING (Denmark).
Ranked No. 3 at Wimbledon.

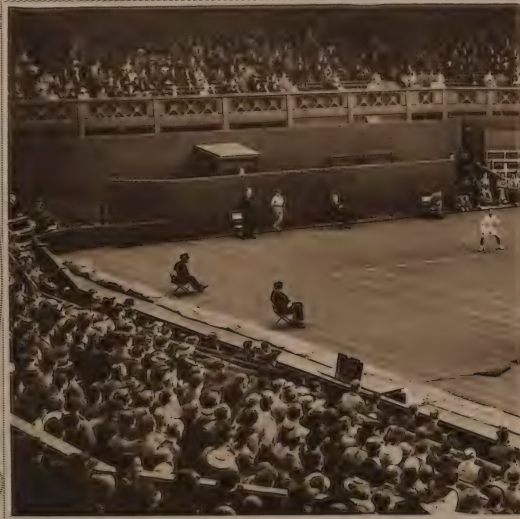


MISS HELEN JACOBS (U.S.A.).
Ranked No. 2 at Wimbledon.

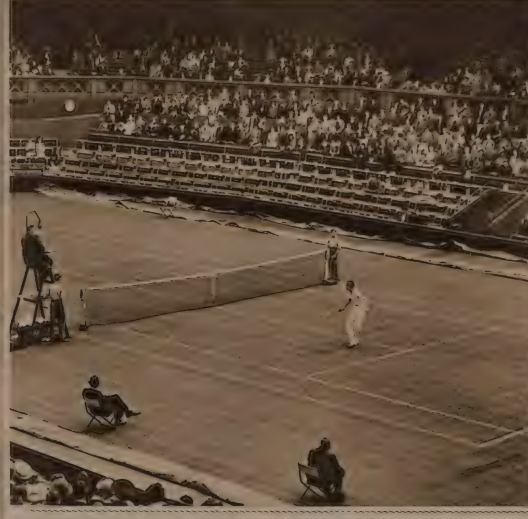


H. W. AUSTIN (G.B.).

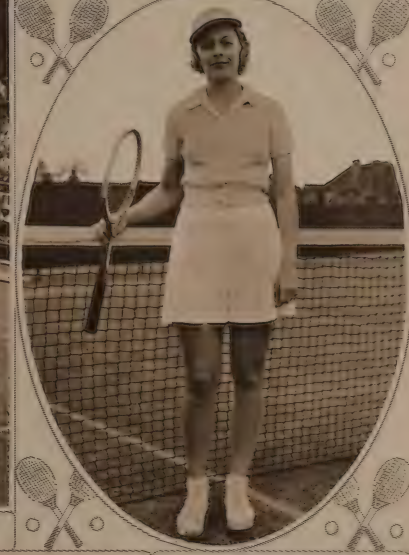
Ranked No. 1 at Wimbledon. Was the runner-up in the Men's Singles last year to J. D. Budge, who is not defending his title. This is his thirteenth Wimbledon, and he has twice reached the final, three times the semi-final and four times the last eight. Has recently returned from a long lecture tour.



PLAY IN PROGRESS ON THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON WATCHED BY KEBNLY H. W. AUSTIN (G.B.) AND J. ASBOTH (HUNGARY), AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD



ATTENTIVE SPECTATORS: THE MATCH WITH WHICH THE MEETING OPENED BETWEEN COMPETITOR, WHICH WAS WON BY THE FORMER. 6-1, 6-4, 12-10.



MISS ALICE MARBLE (U.S.A.).
Ranked No. 1 at Wimbledon.

The present champion of America. Last year won the Women's Doubles at Wimbledon with Mrs. S. P. Fabryan and the Mixed Doubles with J. D. Budge. In 1936 won the U.S.A. Singles and Doubles Championships and visited England for the first time in 1937.



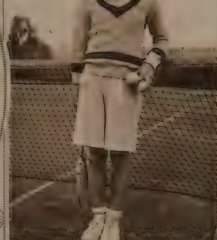
H. HENKEL (Germany).
Ranked No. 5 at Wimbledon.



E. T. COOKE (U.S.A.).
Ranked No. 6 at Wimbledon.



R. MENZEL (Germany).
Ranked No. 7 at Wimbledon.



I. TLOCZYNSKI (Poland).
Ranked No. 8 at Wimbledon.



MRS. S. P. FABRYAN (U.S.A.).
Ranked No. 8 at Wimbledon.



MISS R. M. HARDWICK (G.B.).
Ranked No. 7 at Wimbledon.



MISS K. E. STAMMERS (G.B.).
Ranked No. 6 at Wimbledon.



MILE. J. JEDRZEJOWSKA (Poland).
Ranked No. 5 at Wimbledon.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND NOTABLE OCCASIONS.

**SIR FREDERICK
HOBDAV.**

Died on June 24; aged sixty-nine. Was Principal and Dean of the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, N.W., from 1927 to 1937, and Emeritus Professor of Surgery since 1937. Was Hon. Veterinary Surgeon to the King and for years edited the "Veterinary Journal."

DR. W. M. CHILDS.

Died June 21; aged seventy. An outstanding constructive educationalist and the maker of Reading University, of which he was Hon. Professor of Modern History and late Vice-Chancellor. Influenced by Canon Barnett at Toynbee Hall. Author of "Making a University."

SIR T. M. WILFORD.

Died on June 22; aged sixty-nine. Was High Commissioner for New Zealand, 1930-34, and a director of the National Bank of New Zealand, London, 1934-37. A member of the New Zealand House of Representatives from 1899 to 1929. Minister of Justice and Minister of Defence, N.Z., 1928-29.

**THE EARL OF INCH-
CAPE.**

Died June 21; aged fifty-one. Chairman of Marine Insurance Co., a partner in McKinnon, Mackenzie and Co., Calcutta, and a director (formerly managing-director) of the P. & O. Steam Navigation Co., and of many other companies. Succeeded his father in 1932.

MR. J. E. CROUCH.

Was killed in an aeroplane accident on June 20; aged twenty-four. Succeeded J. Childs as first jockey to the King on his retirement a few years ago and was retained by King George VI. Was flying to Newcastle races when the aircraft was wrecked on Ettersgill Fell, Durham.

MR. R. SEAMAN.

Was killed when driving in the Belgian Grand Prix on June 25; aged twenty-six. Had achieved considerable success as a racing motorist, having won the German Grand Prix, the Prix de Berne (three times in succession) and, in 1935, the Masaryk Grand Prix at Brno, Czechoslovakia.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE OXFORD CRICKET XI, WHICH WILL MEET CAMBRIDGE ON JULY 1-4: MR. E. J. H. DIXON (ST. EDWARD'S AND CHRIST CHURCH).

THE CAPTAIN OF THE CAMBRIDGE CRICKET XI, WHICH WILL MEET OXFORD AT LORD'S ON JULY 1-4: MR. P. M. STUDD (HARROW AND CLARE).



NAVAL PERSONALITIES IN THE FAR EAST: COMMANDERS OF THE FLEETS OF FIVE NATIONS IN CHINESE WATERS.

From l. to r.: Captain Gonzaga, commanding the Italian naval forces in the Orient; Vice-Admiral Decoux, C-in-C. of the French naval forces in the Far East; Admiral H. E. Yarnell, C-in-C. of the American Asiatic fleet; Vice-Admiral Sir Percy Noble, commanding the British China Station, and Vice-Admiral Oikawa, C-in-C. of the Japanese China Seas Fleet.



AN UNUSUAL HONOUR ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON: QUEEN MARY, WEARING SUN-GLASSES, WATCHING THE PLAY ON THE CENTRE COURT WITH (LEFT) THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF AIRLIE AND PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA.

THE YOUNGEST MONARCH IN THE WORLD: KING FAISAL II. OF IRAQ WITH HIS NURSE.

King Faisal II. of Iraq succeeded his father, King Ghazi, who died as the result of a motoring accident on April 4 this year. The boy King celebrated his fourth birthday on May 2, and shows every sign of having inherited the sporting tastes of his father. He is seen with his English nurse on the steps of the Royal Palace.



A JOINT FRANCO-TURKISH DECLARATION OF MUTUAL ASSISTANCE SIGNED IN PARIS: M. SUAD DAVAZ, THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR, SIGNING, WITH M. BONNET ON RIGHT.

On June 23 a joint Franco-Turkish declaration of mutual assistance was signed in Paris by M. Suad Davaz, the Turkish Ambassador, and M. Bonnet, the French Foreign Minister. After the ceremony M. Bonnet said in reference to the declaration: "It is designed to place the obligations which bind France and Turkey on strictly parallel lines with those which already unite Great Britain and Turkey."



THE TENT PEAK IN THE HIMALAYAS CLIMBED FOR THE FIRST TIME: HERREN HERBERT PAIDAR, LUDWIG SCHMADERER, AND ERNST GROB, WHO MADE THE ASCENT.

It was reported on June 15 that the Tent Peak (24,126 ft.) in the Himalayas had been climbed for the first time by three climbers from Munich—Herren Herbert Paldar, Ludwig Schmaderer, and Ernst Grob, who took seven days to make the ascent. They reached the summit of the peak on May 29. The climbers are shown in the above photograph on their arrival in Bombay before making their successful attempt on the Tent Peak.

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

OUT IN THE OPEN.

THE less realistic the play the better does it fare upon a lawn instead of a stage. The *al fresco* theatre, whose season is now at its height, is best suited to fairy-tales and things of fantasy. That is why pageants, recruiting the earnest citizen to give us "real history," are often so unconvincing to a spectator. You have before you, let us say, the walls of a truly mediæval castle, and then a pageant-master sets beside them two hundred model ratepayers, all carefully attired by the skilled costumier to look authentically mediæval, and most of them feeling extremely self-conscious.

Of course, it will not do. The actuality of the old walls is altogether too much for the artifice of the new performance.

fascinating rendering of "The Tempest" in the beautiful gardens of Worcester College, where there is an actual lake behind the lawn to simulate the coast and lagoon of Prospero's island, the storm-scene had to be cut. It is the everlasting paradox of theatrical presentation that you can achieve a far more watery effect by having no real water at all. It was possible for the Oxford actors to glide serenely across the mere in a galleon of their own contriving; but it was impossible to deliver the lines of the play's first scene at all. You cannot rant of billows while Nature is giving you only a ripple.

This is not to imply that "The Tempest" is a bad open-air play. It can be an extremely good one. Once the sun has sunk low enough to allow the electrician free

island had its proper air of poetry and wizardry. The motion of the branches against the flood-lit waters—waters silvered with the sweep of inquisitive swans, light-lured into the circle of performance—was superbly mingled with the melody of speech and instrument. What Wordsworth so happily called

"The soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs" was true cousin to the rhythm of Prospero's mighty speeches.

Here I would like to make one criticism. Why do producers so often cut "The Tempest's" brief and curious epilogue? It contains probably the last words which Shakespeare ever wrote in a play of his own contriving. (I omit his contributions to Fletcher's "Henry VIII.," which were a professional service to his company and his



"PERICLES," BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, WHICH WAS TO FINISH ITS RUN AT THE OPEN AIR THEATRE, REGENT'S PARK, TO-DAY (JULY 1): PERICLES (ROBERT EDDISON) READING THE RIDDLE TO ANTIOCHUS' DAUGHTER (PATRICIA TUCKER) IN THE EARLY PART OF ACT I.; ANTIOCHUS (ENTHRONED) IS PLAYED BY WILFRID WALTER.

"Pericles," one of Shakespeare's "doubtful" works, is the second play produced at this year's Open Air Season. The first was "Much Ado," and the third is to be "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The producer is Robert Atkins, and the company includes Cathleen Nesbitt and Sylvia Coleridge, who play in "Pericles" Dionysa and Thaisa. The choreography of the ballet in "Pericles" is by Wendy Toye, and the *première danseuse* is Gerd Larsen.

Photographs by Debenham.

The latter is bound to look forced and feeble beside the magnificence of the ancient stones. In the same way, real trees bear hardly on actors trying to be pastoral. I can more easily believe in the Forest of Arden when I see it in a theatre than when I am watching foresters, in Wardour Street attire, brandishing spears and gustily pretending that the bosage of Regent's Park is the thicket where Orlando doted upon Rosalind and Jaques gazed upon the hunted stag.

But, if no pretence is made that the enacted tale has close relation to our normal lives, if it is a matter of enchanted islands or strange, miraculous travels, then it may be best suited by a garden setting, especially when it is drenched in the mutable magic of artificial light, now demurely dim, now a rich amber flood. That justified the choice of "Pericles" for performance in the Park. For, whoever did write this piece—the vocabulary and phrasing are obviously Shakespearean in parts—was spinning a yarn of fantastic adventures. "Pericles" belongs to the early Jacobean theatre, in which romantic plots, with virgins wondrously preserved in a rapacious world, and much fine show of spectacular masquerade, were becoming rapidly popular. Shakespeare, who was always an adaptable man and noted and followed changes of taste, added the pleasures of masque and spectacle to all his later plays, and "Pericles" is a case in point.

Of course, your marine episodes, of which "Pericles" has its share, become more difficult. Ships launched in shrubberies and cruising upon grass are apt to look quaint, and, even if you have water handy, it will not oblige by rising into breakers when a storm is needed. It was significant that when the members of the O.U.D.S. recently gave, under the direction of Mr. Leslie French, a most



ONE OF THE DANCE SCENES IN "PERICLES": THE "DIANA" BALLET, WITH DIANA (TOP), PLAYED BY PATRICIA LAFFAN.



THE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE OF THE "PERICLES" BALLET: GERD LARSEN.

play, the movement and variety of light thrown in strange shafts on wood and water may enormously assist and enhance the final scenes. For there Prospero is an active conjurer as well as a candidate for the retired list. At his command shapes and demons must appear, a sumptuous banquet must vanish, and a surging ballet of nymphs and reapers suddenly emerge in this medley of magical effects.

That finale may come poorly off upon an indoor stage: in Worcester Garden, although the night of my visit was by no means ideal for the purpose, the exquisite beauty of the place set the actors and dancers into a frame not only of loveliness, but of fantasy. The supposedly enchanted

colleagues, rather than an utterance of his own emotions.) Here are some of Prospero's last lines, too poignant, surely, ever to be justly passed by:

"Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free."

Odd speech indeed, and seeming to reflect the mood of the retiring dramatist, saddened by the prospect of failing powers and inability to please as he had pleased before. He asks for prayers. On the rare occasions when I have heard this speech delivered in the theatre I have found it immensely moving. Mr. Charles Laughton's Prospero, for example, was poor in many ways, but exquisite in this finale.

But to come back to "Pericles." No doubt it is the grossness of the comedy scenes, as well as doubts about the authorship, which have helped to keep this piece so much in obscurity. Mr. Parker's always reliable researches reveal no performances, for example, between that of Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, in 1854, and that directed by Mr. Robert Atkins at the Old Vic in 1921. Now Mr. Atkins has renewed his belief in the piece by bringing it to London's garden theatre, and that is as good a site as any for this curious story of Levantine crime, innocence, adventure, travel, tempests, miracles, and make-believe of every kind. For when the lighting is playing on a silhouette of trees, and when the voices

steal out from what seem to be enchanted groves and glades, we lightly accept Pericles and Marina as true children of romance. Under this spell we do not stop to ask why a piece of London turf should pass for the Aegean isles, where burning Sappho loved and sang and Shakespeare's pure Marina escaped the brutal clutch of sin and came scatheless through a hundred hazards. Attending open-air drama is a warmer pastime at matinees, but what you gain in temperature you lose in atmosphere. The sun shows up the grease-paint and the motley: it is remorseless illumination. The cover of night is more merciful and the light of artifice scatters enchantments which the light of Nature can never so well contrive.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE FIRST DEFINITE FOOTPRINTS OF A SAUROPOD.

THE DRAWING AND PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF "NATURAL HISTORY," THE MAGAZINE OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE MOST GIGANTIC ANIMAL THAT EVER WALKED THE EARTH: A RECONSTRUCTION OF A SAUROPOD DINOSAUR WHOSE FOSSILISED FOOTPRINTS HAVE RECENTLY BEEN DISCOVERED IN TEXAS.—[Drawn by Fred Mason.]



THE FOOTPRINTS OF A THREE-TOED DINOSAUR, AN ANIMAL SOME THIRTEEN FEET HIGH, IMPRINTED ON AN ANCIENT MUD-FLAT, LONG SINCE TURNED TO STONE, ON THE BANKS OF THE PALUXY RIVER.



CLEARLY RETAINING THE MARKS OF THE FOUR TOES WHICH THE ANIMAL IS KNOWN, FROM SKELETAL REMAINS, TO HAVE POSSESSED ON ITS HIND FEET: THE FOOTPRINT OF A SAUROPOD—MORE THAN A YARD LONG.



THE APPEARANCE OF THE SOLE OF A SAUROPOD DINOSAUR'S RIGHT HIND FOOT: A PLASTER CAST BEING MEASURED BY MR. R. T. BIRD—THE PROJECTIONS ON LEFT REPRESENTING THE TOES AND CLAWS.

The photographs on this and the facing page were taken by Mr. Roland T. Bird, of the Department of Vertebrate Palaeontology, the American Museum of Natural History, whose curiosity was aroused by some fossil footprints displayed in the window of a store in New Mexico. These led him to Glen Rose, in Texas, where, on the banks of the Paluxy River, he discovered the first clear tracks of a sauropod dinosaur. On arrival in Glen Rose Mr. Bird saw a large, three-toed dinosaur footprint inserted in a piece of masonry not far from the door of the courthouse.

Writing in "Natural History," the magazine of the American Museum of Natural History, Mr. Bird states: "It was a beauty and there was no doubt that it was genuine. It was all of twenty inches of footprint perfection, made by a three-toed carnivore in mud which had faithfully preserved every minute detail. . . . A slab of such prints alone would be a fine addition to any museum collection. Even so, they were things long taken for granted in the community. I inquired around and soon learned they occurred in numbers in the rock ledges along the river-bed

(Continued opposite.)

A LINK WITH THE AGE OF REPTILES: FOSSILISED SAUROPOD TRACKS.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF "NATURAL HISTORY," THE MAGAZINE OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE TRACK LEFT BY A SAUROPOD DINOSAUR 120 MILLION YEARS AGO: FOSSILISED FOOTPRINTS OF A GIGANTIC ANIMAL, SOME SIXTY FEET IN LENGTH, DISCOVERED ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER IN TEXAS.

Continued.

for several miles upstream . . . the river sheering its way through Cretaceous rocks, bringing them to light as it cut along." He obtained a guide, who showed him these three-toed prints along the river-bank, some of which were the most perfect that he had ever seen, and gave him a description of prints, formerly visible, which could only have been made by the sauropod group of dinosaurs, containing the most gigantic four-footed animals known of any age. A few days later he was searching for a prospective slab of footprints for the American Museum when his attention was attracted by a pot-hole filled with silt. Clearing the mud

away, he was amazed to find that it was a sauropod footprint impressed deeply in the surface. All the previously discovered sauropod tracks had been vague, not too definable things, but this clearly showed the shape of a gigantic lizard's right hind foot with four deep claw-scratches, the huge one on the inner toe; the typical upward curve of the reptilian heel and other details. Working from this point he discovered other sauropod prints left in the Texas mud some 120 million years ago by an animal which must have bulked the equivalent of four or five six-ton elephants, had a twelve-foot stride and measured more than sixty feet in length.



THE LAST MOMENTS OF MOZART: THE DYING COMPOSER SINGING PART OF THE SCORE OF HIS REQUIEM, WITH SOME OF HIS FRIENDS

THANKS largely to the activities of the British Council the question of the presentation of British music abroad has lately taken on a new importance—likely, perhaps, to become more important still in the future. I think I am right in saying that two full-dress symphonic works by Bax and Bliss were specially commissioned for the World Fair at New York and dedicated with what seems to me unnecessary grandiloquence, if I am not mistaken, to “the American people.” In the course of a long career that has left me somewhat cynical in these matters I have observed that works of art designed to appeal to nations too often fail to please the individuals that constitute a nation; and in the arts it is the individuals—the “passionate few,” as Arnold Bennett called them—who make public opinion. There is no such thing as public opinion *per se*. I can only hope that our British works in America may prove an exception.

Still, the World Fair was very much an official occasion, and, naturally, a certain amount of official pompousness was to be expected. By a curious coincidence, almost at the same time I ran across an instance of the opposite extreme. A “Festival of British Music” was announced the other day at a certain famous French inland watering-place which shall remain anonymous. The programme was said to “include” Purcell’s Overture, “The Virtuous Wife”; Elgar’s “Salut d’Amour”; “Three Dances,” by Edward German; “Petite Suite Académique,” by J. D. Davis; and “Joyous Youth,” by E. Coates.

Now, I do not know this particular overture by Purcell, so I am not prepared to dogmatise about it, but it is certainly one of his minor works. I am, however, familiar with most of the other works mentioned, and, charming and delightful though they may be, they are all definitely light music. Heaven forbid that I should be taken as denigrating the value of light music. These dances by Edward German, for instance, are wholly excellent compositions, highly original and grossly underrated by the highbrows. But nobody, least of all their talented composer, would have considered them appropriate to a function called a “Festival of British Music.” And the same may be said with even greater force of “Salut d’Amour” and the other contemporary compositions. All admirable,

THE CHARM OF MUSIC.

SOME THOUGHTS ON BRITISH MUSIC ABROAD.

By FRANCIS TOYE.

“world première”; and no kinema is deemed worthy of patronage unless it is called “super.”

The problem of the presentation and the popularisation of British music abroad has always been of special interest to me. Living out of England as much as I do I have always approached it from an angle rather different, perhaps, from that favoured by the majority of my colleagues. I am inclined to be less impressed by what may be called the undoubted success of certain special works given under certain very special conditions at international festivals and the like. I have noted with pleasure that this success has undoubtedly tended to increase in recent years; there are undoubtedly a greater number of musicians in Europe nowadays who have learnt thereby that the old and very stupid legend of England being an unmusical country is, in fact, a mere legend. One may find in Italy and Germany, even in France, of all countries the most neglectful of our music, isolated individuals with a positive enthusiasm for this or that British composer. All this is to the good, and shows that the efforts that have been made, often at considerable personal sacrifice by quite obscure people, have not been altogether in vain. But when it comes to the ultimate test I must regretfully admit that there has been very little change.

the programme of a normal concert is the rarest possible event. Why is this? I cannot pretend to say. I do not believe it is, in fact, due to any disparity in the intrinsic value of the music, because, on the special occasions when British music is presented together with the music of its foreign contemporaries, it does something more than hold its own. Perhaps it is a little because most of the interesting British music is comparatively modern, and music takes some time to establish itself. Perhaps it is also because we have not in England music publishers of quite the same international authority and influence as those of Germany, Italy and France.

Few people will deny, I think, the validity of what I have called the ultimate test, for clearly music cannot be said to be truly established unless and until it has taken its place in the normal repertory. One performance of a piece of music in these conditions possesses a value many times as great as that of a performance presented to a selected public in exceptional circumstances. Indeed, it seems to me that the main, if not the sole object of such special performances is to enable music to be heard (not merely read), and thus gain an opportunity of passing into the normal repertory. And the same holds good of what may be called the propagandist performances of music.

A mere isolated performance here and there, leading to nothing, may be of interest in itself, but can scarcely be regarded as of the first importance. Only what endures, what has in it an element of permanence, is entitled to such an appellation.

Nevertheless, in these days of highly collectivised effort it is only by deliberate propaganda, so far as I can see, that we can hope to make any real progress. Only, the propaganda must be subtle, sensitive, and well-informed. Mistaken propagandist enthusiasm, however well-intentioned, may easily do more harm than good. Some German or other—I think it was Sudermann—once wrote that it was only possible to give to a man that which he was ready to receive. This is undubitably true. Where so much propaganda fails is in trying to impose on people that which seems of the highest importance to the propagandist, but which to the people for whom the propaganda is intended remains uninteresting or unintelligible.

I remember a noteworthy instance of this many years ago, when a serious attempt was made to persuade the French that there was something in English music after all. They were asked to listen, if my memory is not at fault, to some Elgar and the Leeds Choir singing Parry’s “Blest Pair of Sirens.” As anyone conversant with French mentality could have told the promoters beforehand, the French were bored with the Elgar and have refused ever since to listen to a note of his music, and, instead of being thrilled, as everybody in England thought they inevitably must be, by the great volume of tone of the Leeds Choir in the opening bars of Parry’s Cantata, found it rather barbarous and uncouth. Here, indeed, was a



EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MUSIC PERFORMED IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME: RICHARD TAUBER AND THE BOYD NEEL ORCHESTRA IN THE GEORGIAN FESTIVAL CONCERT HELD AT THE QUEEN’S HALL ON JUNE 21.

The Georgian Festival Concert, held at the Queen’s Hall in aid of Queen Charlotte’s Maternity Hospital, was attended by a brilliant audience. The composers represented included J. Christian Bach, music master to Queen Charlotte, Mozart, Haydn, and Gluck. Anachronisms were as far as possible avoided: thus Ivor Newton accompanied on a harpsichord. Richard Tauber and Joan Hammond sang arias from Mozart, and Herr Tauber sang Handel’s “Ombra mai fu.” (Photograph by Rawood.)

The ultimate test lies in the fact whether or no the music of a nation is included in the normal international repertory. The music of Germany, Italy, France, Russia, even to some extent of Finland, Norway and Spain, will pass this test. British music will not, and I, at least, shall not be satisfied until it can and does. A few years ago a very revelatory instance of this came within my personal experience. I was ill in a foreign country and during a fortnight had to rely for my musical delectation—indeed, for any delectation—on the radio. It

was not always easy on this particular radio to determine the *locale* of any particular station, but after a few days’ bitter experience I discovered that if I heard a note of English music I might be quite sure I was in touch with an English station. Now this did not apply to any other music. If I heard German or Italian music it might be coming from Paris, as well, of course, as from either of the countries themselves. The music of Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, and De Falla might be coming from almost anywhere in the world. English music was the Cinderella of International Radio, and, to the best of my belief, so remains.

Nobody with Continental experience is likely to deny that the inclusion of a major British symphonic work, a piece of British chamber music, or even a British song in



ONE OF THE OTHER MOZART OPERAS PERFORMED AT GLYNDEBOURNE: “LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.” THE BALLROOM SCENE IN THE LAST ACT: (LEFT TO RIGHT) COUNT ALMAVIVA (JOHN BROWNLEE), THE COUNTESS (MARIA MARKAN), SUSANNA (AUDREY MILDMA), AND FIGARO (MARIANO STABILE).



THE GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA 1939 FESTIVAL: “DON GIOVANNI”—THE QUARTET FROM ACT I, “NON TI FIDAR, O MISERA, DI QUEL RIBALDO COR”; DON GIOVANNI (JOHN BROWNLEE), DON OTTAVIO (DAVID LLOYD), DONNA ANNA (INA SOUEZ) AND DONNA ELVIRA (HELLA TOROS).

Three more performances of “Don Giovanni,” on July 6, 8, and 14, are to be given at Glyndebourne, before the season closes on July 15; and two of “Figaro”—on July 5 and 11. Glyndebourne opera is now in its sixth season, and, with Fritz Busch as conductor and Carl Ebert as producer, adequately keeps up its high standard of previous years. (Photographs by Baron and Debenham.)

doubtless, and well worthy of a place in a popular programme, but in a “festival” programme, no—emphatically no. A festival implies a certain amount of serious artistic effort, a certain comprehensiveness. Nobody could properly maintain that this programme gave an adequate idea of the range and the scope of our music. Had it been called a programme of light English music all would have been well. The trouble is that, nowadays, promoters of entertainments have forgotten how to be simple—perhaps because the public demands that they should not be. Any first performance of an opera has now become a

well-nigh perfect example of unsuccessful propaganda, for the merits of the music were almost as unpleasing to the hearers as its defects. The French admire particularly suppleness in choral singing; they would have been far more ready to accept the music of Vaughan Williams than of Elgar, but nobody at home understood this, because it was alien to our own prejudices and enthusiasms.

To sum up: where musical propaganda is concerned, the most careful consideration of the idiosyncrasies of the various countries affected is indispensable. What would very likely be wholly successful in France might well prove a disastrous failure in Germany or England. It is scarcely necessary to add that the mere fact of British music being given by British performers abroad is of little significance in itself unless the music is good and the performance competent.

MASTERPIECES BY HANS MEMLINC AT THE BRUGES EXHIBITION.



THE DIPTYCH WITH "THE VIRGIN AND AN APPLE," AND A PORTRAIT OF MARTIN VAN NIEUWENHOVE, THE DONOR, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.



"THE SIBYLLA SAMBETHA," SUGGESTED TO BE A PORTRAIT OF MARIA MOREEL OF BRUGES.



A PANEL OF THE "ST. URSULA SHRINE"—THE SIXTH SCENE OF THE LEGEND OF ST. URSULA.

KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM opened, on June 22, the International Memlinc Exhibition at Bruges. This exhibition celebrates the 500th anniversary of Memlinc's birth: the painter died at Bruges on August 11, 1494. The chronicles of Bruges, dated 1494, state that "On August 11 died at Bruges Hans Memmelinc, famous at this period as the most skilled and excellent painter of the whole Christian world (*quem praedicabant peritissimum fuisse et excellentissimum pictorem totius tunc orbis christiani*). . . . He is buried in the church of St. Gilles in Bruges." The appeal of Jan Memlinc's work may fairly be said to be instantaneous. He painted, of course, religious compositions, and in them, as was the custom, portraits of their donors. But his emotional approach to the religious drama differs from that of his contemporaries in that his pictures are instinct with charm and tenderness: one finds, indeed, something of the freshness and delight of the early Italian renaissance. His worth was appreciated by his fellow-inhabitants of Bruges: for a contemporary record tells us that he was, in May 1480, one of the town's most important citizens. The present exhibition, which closes on October 1, besides the paintings from the St. John's

[Continued below.]



"THE MYSTIC BETROTHAL OF ST. CATHERINE," THE CENTRE PANEL OF A LARGE WINGED ALTAR-PIECE.



THE TRIPTYCH, "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI": (LEFT) THE TWO INTERIOR PANELS, "THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE," AND "THE NATIVITY," AND (RIGHT) THE CENTRE PANEL, "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI"; THE DONOR, BROTHER FLOREINS, IS SEEN KNEELING (RIGHT).



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A STUDY OF GAINSBOROUGH'S LANDSCAPE DRAWINGS.

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.*

Gainsborough's complement in the interpretation of this England of the past—I dare to speak of the two in the same sentence—rarely wrote poetry, though he

THIS is a serious, accurate and penetrating analysis of the work of Thomas Gainsborough in the field which was nearest his heart. Thanks to a grant from London University, the production is admirable, and the 121 plates in collotype, though of small size, leave nothing to be desired. The book is admittedly written for specialists, and not the least useful section of it is devoted to a catalogue *raisonné* in which 491 drawings are described, but those who have never owned, and only occasionally seen a Gainsborough drawing will find in it much to interest them, for, while the man lives by his work, that work transcends his individuality and becomes part of the background to our existence—he puts before us not just English scenes, but the England that is bred in our bones. The boy who wandered about the fields of Suffolk, the rising painter who made money at Bath, the eminent rival of Sir Joshua and of Romney who lived in Pall Mall, held firmly to his vision of the countryside, and turned with relief from portraits which sold to landscapes which did not.

The drawings he appears to have considered as of little account, giving them away to people he wished to please. They correspond in style to the successive stages of his development as a painter, and not the least of the virtues of Miss Woodall's monograph is her careful analysis of this development and the relation of the drawings to it, culminating in the exquisite drawing in the Print Room, Berlin (Plate 102, and also reproduced on the dust-cover of the book)—



1. A FIRST-CLASS EXAMPLE OF GAINSBOROUGH'S EARLY STYLE: A MAN SITTING BY A TREE.

Always a lover of the countryside, long after he had drawn this study, and when he was a fashionable portrait-painter at Bath, Gainsborough complained to his friend, Jackson: "I am sick of portraits. I wish very much to take my viol da gamba and walk off to some sweet village, where I can paint landscapes and enjoy the fag-end of life in quietness and ease."—[In the Collection of J. M. Turner, Esq.]

had in him a genuine poetic strain, but was a marvellous practitioner of robust, nervous prose. A lesser man altogether, and of coarser grain, yet obviously admiring Gainsborough and on occasion getting very near his characteristic style. Miss Woodall reproduces one drawing (Plate 109) by Rowlandson—Fig. 3—which is very close, and as the passage in which it is mentioned is a fair example of the careful

immediate contemporaries. One of those who was most directly influenced was Rowlandson, whose facility as a draughtsman made it easy for him to adopt the tricks of other artists. He borrowed certain conventions straight from Gainsborough, particularly his method of drawing trees with a free scallop outline. [Less sedately, I have referred to this trick more than once on this page as his "roly-poly foliage."] Several drawings by Rowlandson which show marked affinities with Gainsborough's work are known to me. A sketch at Christchurch Mansion, Ipswich (Plate 109), is clearly inspired by Gainsborough's picture of "The Harvest Wagon" (formerly in the Lionel Philipps' Collection and now in America) [Fig. 2]. The drawing was formerly in the H. Pfungst Collection, and was headed "T. Gainsborough" in the sale catalogue of the Pfungst pictures sold at Christie's in June 1917. There is little doubt that the drawing is in reality by Rowlandson; the figures and animals, particularly the sheep, are typical of his work, and the way in which the man is lifting the girl into the cart has a boisterous quality which is not Gainsborough's. The drawing of the trees, although very free, is less generalised than is usual with Gainsborough, and there is more feeling for the different species, while the treatment of the wash in the foreground trees is unlike anything I have seen in Gainsborough's work. A drawing in the British Museum by Rowlandson, described as "in the style of Gainsborough," shows a characteristic Gainsborough subject, and the treatment of the trees is similar to his. . . . Although there are certain points of contact between Gainsborough's and Rowlandson's drawings, the fundamental character of their work is different, and, on the whole, there is little danger of confusing it.

This extract is sufficiently long to give an idea of the peculiar quality of the book as a whole; its level-headedness, its attention to detail, its cautious expressions of opinion, and a sort of limpid primness which becomes more and more fascinating as one reads—the words flow gently



2. A DRAWING WHOSE THEME AND TREATMENT STRONGLY INFLUENCED ROWLANDSON: GAINSBOROUGH'S STUDY FOR "THE HARVEST WAGON."

"When discussing the influence of Gainsborough's drawings," writes Miss Woodall, "it is important to distinguish between those artists, like Rowlandson, who, on occasion, imitated Gainsborough's methods and characteristic pencilling, without really exploring his attitude to nature; and those, like Constable, who were profoundly influenced by the spirit of Gainsborough's work, but who never really copied it." (In the possession of Mrs. A. M. Lister.)

Fig. 4—which, as she very justly remarks, is not like the work of the Dutchmen who influenced his youth, or even of Van Dyck, the god of his maturity, but anticipates Wilson Steer, and is almost unbelievably Chinese in spirit—"no searching for small forms, merely a sweeping statement of tone values." As Gainsborough grew older his handling became more feathery, his mind more keenly attuned to unheard melodies of nature. It is not that his earlier drawings are photographic, but that the later ones are more wistful, a little more remote from the world as it is.

In this sense he had his limitations, if one can really use the word at all when speaking of him. Perhaps one can explain it best by saying that he rarely wrote prose, and when he did it was invariably poetic prose. Rowlandson, on the other hand, in a sense



3. CLEARLY INSPIRED BY GAINSBOROUGH'S STUDY OF THE SAME SUBJECT: ROWLANDSON'S DRAWING "THE HARVEST WAGON."

In the course of her description of Gainsborough's drawings, the author states that "several drawings by Rowlandson which show marked affinities with Gainsborough's work are known to me. A sketch at Christchurch Mansion, Ipswich, is clearly inspired by Gainsborough's picture of 'The Harvest Wagon.'" (In the Collection at Christchurch Mansion, Ipswich). Reproduced from "Gainsborough's Landscape Drawings"; by Courtesy of the Author and the Publishers, Messrs. Faber and Faber.

on, the sentences form a quiet academic stream, and the conscientious reviewer, accustomed in his ordinary work to search for the vivid or the florid phrase which will jolt his public to attention, finds himself admiring this smooth and superficially characterless narrative.

It is the business of a critic to notice mistakes in a serious work of scholarship. I have found two, each of them of not the slightest importance. I mention them here to emphasise the accuracy of the book as a whole. One well-known collector's name is wrongly spelt; the dimensions of one drawing are half an inch out. There may be others—if so, I am prepared to wager they are equally insignificant.

The obvious pendant to this study of the landscape drawings is a similar book about the figure drawings, a no less laborious and no less worth-while task. Same author, same publishers, please.



4. AN EXQUISITE DRAWING, NOW IN THE STATE MUSEUM PRINT ROOM, BERLIN, WHICH ANTICIPATES WILSON STEER: "A COW STANDING IN A POND."

The author of "Gainsborough's Landscape Drawings" remarks that this drawing is not like the work of the Dutchmen who influenced Gainsborough's youth, or even of Van Dyck, the god of his maturity, but anticipates Wilson Steer, and is "almost unbelievably Chinese in spirit."

and dispassionate manner in which the whole book is written, I quote in full—

Gainsborough's influence was naturally felt more strongly among the younger generation than among his

* "Gainsborough's Landscape Drawings." By Mary Woodall. With 121 Illustrations in Collotype. (Faber and Faber; 30s.)

This England . . .



Withypool, Somerset.

THOUGH its name be clumsy yet is there risen a good and subtle thing in this England. "Rural bias" it is called—a device whereby some worthy educational authorities are seeking to broaden the minds of their charges. For if England's cities are become important, she cannot live by them alone. And is not the little motor car beneficent in the same degree, in that it frees the people to go about their lovely heritage, to learn again an understanding of the country life? For in such measure as we become farm and country conscious is our contact with the past maintained and the strength of England renewed. And if this gentle schooling weary you, is there not Worthington at your halt—old-fashioned, English and itself devised for the renewing of England's strength.



BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 20.)

wisdom.' . . . Of the Duma, whom she describes as 'impertinent brutes,' she writes: 'It is war with them and we must be firm.' . . . They [Protopopov and Stürmer] bow before His wisdom.' 'All my trust,' she writes again, 'is in Our Friend, who only thinks of you, Baby, and Russia, and guided by him we shall get through this heavy time. It will be a hard fight, but a Man of God is near to guard you safely through the reefs, and little Sunny is standing as a rock behind you, firm and unwavering, with decision, faith and love to fight for her darlings and our country.' This passage is typical of many others quoted by Sir Bernard Pares from those "tremendous letters," in which the misguided Empress, all unconsciously, helped to seal the fate of herself and all she loved.

Will there ever be a Restoration in Russia? That question only time can answer, but meanwhile the monarchist point of view is revealed in the autobiography of the late claimant to the Imperial Throne—"MY LIFE IN RUSSIA'S SERVICE—THEN AND NOW." By H.I.H. the Grand Duke Cyril. With 16 Illustrations (Selwyn and Blount; 15s.). The author died before he could complete his memoirs, and his closing years are covered in an Epilogue by his only son, the Grand Duke Vladimir, the present claimant. The first eight chapters, written by the Grand Duke Cyril himself, have been edited by Prince Leonid Lieven. The book is of great interest, not only as a political document, but as the picturesquely told life-story of one who, as a member of the Imperial House, knew many famous people, and as a naval officer saw a great deal of the world. In the Russo-Japanese war, the Grand Duke had a wonderful escape, when the Russian flagship "Petropavlovsk," in which he was serving, was blown up by a Japanese mine. His account of this experience is extremely vivid.

At the time of the first Russian Revolution in the spring of 1917, the Grand Duke Cyril was in command of the Naval Guard at St. Petersburg, and it is intriguing to contrast his account of his action on that occasion with the brief and critical comment

thereon made by Sir Bernard Pares. The political element in the Grand Duke's book consists mainly in the series of his manifestoes given as an appendix. Here he outlines what would be the policy of a restored Imperial Dynasty.

Another product of Russian Monarchism, the work of a writer described as "a prominent member of the late Grand Duke Cyril's movement," is "BEFORE AND AFTER STALIN." By Cyril Ielita-Wilczkowski. Translated from the French by George Knupffer. With Foreword by the Grand Duke Dimitri of Russia (Selwyn and Blount; 10s. 6d.). There is a certain rhetorical element in this sweeping survey of Russia's political growth. "It is on the most salient facts of our history," he says, "that I have tried to focus attention. It is on the general lines of a thousand-year-old evolution that I have attempted to shed some light." After analysing—not without sympathy—the work of the Bolsheviks, and the personalities of their leaders, especially Lenin and Stalin, he continues: "We have seen the Marxists powerless to resist

the realities. . . . We have seen the historic forces continuing their work. . . . We have seen a State . . . transform itself into a mighty Empire. . . . Under her new features we have recognised the old Russia, radiant with a new youth. . . . Conscious collaboration of the Eurasian peoples united by a common destiny . . . such is the formula of the Russia of to-morrow. . . . The central authority . . . would find its support not only in the representative assemblies, but also in the sovereign power which would be assumed by a Hereditary Monarchy." Presumably safeguards and limitations would be needed to prevent such a Monarchy from repeating errors of the kind recorded by Sir Bernard Pares.

Yet another work which, if not monarchist in outlook, or indeed partisan in any sense, can hardly be claimed as a testimonial to the Bolshevik system, is "HAMMER, SICKLE AND BATON": The Soviet Memoirs of a Musician. By Heinz Unger. Written in Collaboration with Naomi Walford (Cresset Press; 8s. 6d.). The author is a musical conductor of repute who has conducted the B.B.C. Orchestra and others both in this country and abroad. In Russia he visited Moscow, Leningrad, and many important provincial cities. His book indicates the social conditions, especially as affecting artists. It is a plain story of personal experience ranging over 13 years, with a strong seasoning of ironic humour, and revealing a character of sturdy independence. The author's reasons for disliking modern Russia are soon manifest. Perhaps the following passage conveys them as briefly as possible: "Political interference in art," he declares, "is abominable, but political interference in one's daily life is slow poison, and in the end there was nothing left in life without political significance. Everything one said or did seemed to have some bearing on it, until at last one became afraid even to cough."



PORCELAIN FIGURE OF KWANYIN

Height: 34"

Yung Chêng, 1723-1735

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE new Standard touring saloon, listed at £268, has a graceful dignity that is particularly striking for a car of that rating. It is a large car for its 14 h.p., and its performance nearly equals that of most 20-h.p. models. The fittings are excellent, especially the ample luggage accommodation. Recessed front seats give good leg-room for the rear-seat passengers, while



SET BENEATH THE CLOCK AT ABINGER HAMMER WITH ITS MOTTO, "BY ME YOU KNOW HOW FAST TO GO": A FINE 4½-LITRE BENTLEY, WITH DROP-HEAD COUPÉ BY HOOPER.

This Bentley, with its drop-head coupé by Hooper, presents a very sporting appearance. The hood, whether open, half-open, or closed, gives equal satisfaction to driver or rear-seat passenger. The hours of the clock at Abinger are struck by a smith with his hammer—recalling the days when the iron industry flourished here.



AN APPOINTMENT RESULTING FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT DECREE OF MAY 6, 1939: THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMPAGNIE GÉNÉRALE TRANS-ATLANTIQUE, M. JEAN MARIE.

M. Marie, hitherto Director of Merchant Shipping at the Ministry of Merchant Marine and Councillor of State since December 1937, has been a member of the Board of Directors of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique and the State representative on the Company's administrative council since 1933. He was thus particularly concerned with the construction of the "Normandie."

adjustable; it is thus a very adaptable family car for both short and tall.

The maximum speed is about 70 m.p.h., so the car is quite fast enough for touring in Great Britain or elsewhere: it cruises effortlessly at 55 m.p.h. and reaches 50 m.p.h. from a standing start in 21 seconds. Long front springs, controlled by a tension bar with hydraulic shock-absorbers, give comfortable riding at all speeds. The car can be pulled up inside 30 ft. at a speed of 30 miles per hour in an emergency, and at

there are no footwells—the abomination of the gentler sex. Pile-carpet, with an underfelt, revolving ash-trays, which are easily cleaned, rear foot-rests, and sun-visors add to the comfort of the users. Two folding tables are fitted behind the front seats. Drivers will note that the instrument panel is mounted in a high position, so that it can be read with the least effort. The driver's seat, the pedals, and the steering-column are easily

other speeds in proportion. The four-speed synchromesh gear-box encourages a driver to use third speed in traffic, as the change up or down is so easy. Also, if it is desired to economise in tax-paying, buyers can have a 12-h.p. engine in place of 14-h.p. at the same cost for the complete car.

Out of a total number of some 30,000 foreign itineraries to all parts of the world which the Automobile Association issued last year, nearly 1000 were for journeys from England to the Near East and India. Roads to these parts are, in fact, so much travelled at the present time that the A.A. has evolved a standard route system to keep pace with demands for detailed directions. A series of route sections is now available in printed form, with comprehensive notes on where to obtain petrol supplies, the state of the roads, hotel and other accommodation, ferry services, and so forth. On the back of each page the directions are reversed for use when returning, and the scheme operates so efficiently that an accurate route right through from London to Calcutta, a distance of more than 7600 miles, can normally be supplied well within half an hour. [Continued overleaf.]



A SPECTACULAR JUMP BY A FORD CAR AT BROOKLANDS ON JUNE 17: MR. J. MCEVOY DURING THE "RAMP-ROMPING."

Crowds flocked to the Ford Gymkhana at Brooklands on June 17 to see Ford cars leaping at speed off ramps and being hurled through glass, flames, and piles of barrels. Driving-skill tests were also held for private owners; and Sir Malcolm Campbell presented the prizes on behalf of the Ford Company.



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M.G. Midget from £225, $1\frac{1}{2}$ -litre from £295, Two-litre from £398, 2.6-litre from £450 ex works.
Full details of all models from Sales Dept. M.G. Car Co. Ltd., Abingdon-on-Thames, Berkshire.

Continued.

The Royal Automobile Club completed its forty-first year at the end of 1938, and its growth seems marvellous when one looks back on its beginning at Whitehall Court. The club-house in Pall Mall no longer can afford all the office accommodation for the touring department, which now occupies thirty-nine rooms and two large general offices, staffed by 169 clerks, as compared with four rooms and one small general office which sufficed that department in 1925 at 83, Pall Mall. Standardisation of all traffic signs is one of the chief activities of the Club, and its annual report for 1938 reveals that the department concerned has been responsible for the erection of nearly 45,000 permanent traffic signs to aid safety, conforming with the Ministry of Transport regulation. During that year the road guides patrolled over 80,000,000 miles. How serviceable the Club is to its members in its special legal knowledge on motoring is best realised by the record that out of a total

of 262 cases of dangerous driving brought against members 60 per cent. were dismissed.

A reader of *The Illustrated London News*, who lives at San José, California, writes me that "I read with interest your article in the April 29 issue of *The Illustrated London News* on motoring in America. I would like to suggest that the really fine motoring country is not approached until one travels farther west into the Rockies and Sierras. The mountains of the east, seen by Mr. Dudley Noble on his trip, are beautiful, but have none of the grandeur of the western scenery. A fine trip to give a good idea of the whole country would be to come in through Quebec, as your King and Queen did recently. Via Ottawa and Toronto one could pass through Detroit, the great automobile-manufacturing centre of this country. Then west to Chicago, through the corn belt of Iowa, the butte country of Nebraska, and the high plateau of Wyoming. Turning north, and passing through Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks, one sees the best part of the American Rockies. Travelling on into Canada

would reveal the lovely Lake Louise and Banff of the Canadian Rockies. Now, turning south, Mount Rainier and Crater Lake National Parks, in the Pacific North-west, should be visited. Continuing southward into California, Yosemite and Death Valley are important points. One should not miss San Francisco while passing. Now travel north-east to Salt Lake City, through interesting desert scenery, and head straight east for New York and home.

"Such a trip could quite easily be made in two months and would

probably cover 10,000 miles. This would mean averaging about 160 miles per day during the whole trip. Since it is very often easy to travel 500 miles in a day, I think two months is ample time for a quick



UNDETERRED BY DIFFICULTIES IN OUT-OF-THE-WAY TOURING: A NEW VAUXHALL "TWELVE" TAKES A WATER-SPLASH NEAR DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

In the above photograph a new Vauxhall "Twelve" is shown taking a water-splash on the "impracticable" road from Devil's Bridge to Rhayader, with a 1938 Vauxhall "Ten" following behind. These new models are equipped with independent front-wheel springing, hydraulic brakes and check action synchromesh, which greatly assists gear-changing.



A MORRIS MODEL WHICH HAS PROVED ITS CLAIM TO BE AN IDEAL TOURING CAR: THE "FOURTEEN-SIX" ON THE RIVIERA.

The illustration shows a Morris "Fourteen-Six," o.h.v. saloon, Series III., at Juan les Pins, on the French Riviera. This is an ideal car for touring, as, when necessary, it can accommodate in the roomy interior five persons in comfort, while the smooth-running o.h.v. engine may be relied on to give an outstanding performance.

glance-over of the country. As to the cost, gasoline and oil shouldn't run much over \$200, or £40. The accommodation would amount to about half that if the traveller chose to use auto-cabins. Of course, hotel costs would probably run to above \$200 if it was decided to use that type of accommodation.

"One should use a car that is capable of cruising comfortably at 70 m.p.h., since one can often average better than 60 m.p.h. for hours at a time if the car does it easily. A radio is a great convenience on the long drives. I would say that I like the body design of many of your English cars, the 3-litre Sunbeam Talbot pictured in your article especially. The styling is refreshing after the heavy pudginess of many of our American designs."

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GLYNDEBOURNE AND THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

IN this year's production of Mozart's serio-comic masterpiece, "Cosi fan Tutte," at Glyndebourne there are two important newcomers to the cast, both of whom may be said to be in no way inferior to their predecessors and, in one case, in some respects, even an improvement. Owing to the illness of Luise Helletsgruber it was necessary to find a new Dorabella, and a happier selection than the American singer,

ease and flexibility of those who have been in the cast since the opera was first performed at Glyndebourne.

The other newcomer was the tenor, Gino del Signore, who also made an excellent impression. He has a good voice, mellow and flexible, a good appearance and an animated and telling style which was shown to great advantage in the recitatives. He was also entrusted with an aria, "Tradito" (No. 27 in the Breitkopf score), which has been omitted hitherto at

Glyndebourne. This number, by the way, reinforces the opinion of those critics who, like myself, have always maintained, in opposition to others, that in "Cosi fan Tutte" Mozart was blending the comic and the tragic elements just as he had previously done in "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." Those who have erroneously (as I think) maintained that this great work was of a shallower character than its predecessors, must find it difficult to explain away such intensely passionate music as this recitative and aria as well as those of Fiordiligi. In the latter part Ina Sonez was better than ever. It is a part to which she does absolute justice and it inspires her to her best singing.

Irene Eisinger was her inimitable self as Despina; her performance is practically ideal and never loses its spontaneity and grace. John Brownlee as Don Alfonso could hardly be bettered, and Roy Henderson is a vigorous and convincing Guglielmo. Fritz Busch and his orchestra were in excellent form, and the performance had a bloom which had been a trifle lacking on the first night of "Don Giovanni."

The Russian Ballet has returned to Covent Garden and on the first night presented to a crowded and enthusiastic audience "Carnaval," "Le Fils Prodigue," "Protée," and "Aurora's Wedding." "Aurora's Wedding" gave the company an opportunity to show that it had lost none of its individual virtuosity; but the chief interest of the evening was in the new choreography devised by Lichine to Prokofiev's music to Gide's version of "The Prodigal Son." This was supremely successful and made a deep impression,



AN EXPERIMENT IN "HOMING INSTINCTS": STORKS BROUGHT FROM WARSAW "RINGED" FOR THEIR RETURN FLIGHT TO POLAND.

Six three-year-old storks were sent by aeroplane last week from Poland to Haslemere, for release on a scientific experimental return flight promoted by the College of Agriculture in Warsaw. It is expected that, on being released in the grounds of Haslemere Museum, the storks will fly off in an easterly direction, passing over Belgium and perhaps Holland to Germany, and then home, a distance of about 1100 miles. Information on the progress of the flight is hoped for. (For.)

Risë Stevens, could hardly have been made. The fact that she is a mezzo-soprano with a voice of darker colour than Helletsgruber has given a special flavour to the magnificent ensemble music which is one of the glories of this opera. She also has charm and sings the very difficult music with considerable skill, although, naturally, she has not yet achieved the



WHERE THE LION LIES DOWN WITH THE DOG: A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP AT THE ZURICH ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

The lion and the dog—a Swiss breed from Appenzel—shown in the above illustration were born on the same day and were brought up together in the same cage. Each four and a half years old, they are now inseparable companions, for if the dog is ever given an afternoon off he soon returns to the common cage: a circumstance recalling a similar friendship a few years ago at the National Park in Johannesburg, South Africa.

with Baronova in a remarkable seduction dance and Anton Dolin as the Prodigal Son. On the second night the Fokine-d'Erlanger ballet, "Cinderella," was revived, and in this Riabouchinska gave a superb and dazzling performance as Cinderella. The dance in which she fits the slipper is a ravishing piece of work. W. J. TURNER.



The Three Sisters, Brockham Green.

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"AFTER THE DANCE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

POSSIBLY there have been first plays, other than "French Without Tears," that have run for something approaching a thousand nights. But never a second play that has achieved anything like the initial success. Therefore, a keenly interested audience attended the King Street theatre to see if Mr. Terence Rattigan could score "a double." It is probable, indeed almost certain, that this comedy will run no more than a few hundred nights. If as many as those. But it does mark an advance in his work. Which is all that matters to theatre-goers, who have selfishly, but quite rightly, no interest in a dramatist's bank balance. Here is a play that sets out to say something. The fact that the people it is concerned with are not worth saying anything about matters little. A painting of an old boot in a dustbin can afford more enjoyment to the connoisseur than that of a group of chubby-cheeked urchins making daisy-chains in a meadow. Mr. Rattigan has concerned himself with a class of people he appears to know well. Even dramatic critics, presumed to know nothing of the world, realise that such people exist. The Bright Young People who were never bright and are no longer young. He might have called his play "You Can't Put New Wine into Old Bottles." There is a wife who dare not tell her husband that she loves him. Because in the first year of their marriage such things weren't done. He, therefore, having both the time and money to devote to such a hobby, takes to drink. An earnest young lady falls in love with him. Ne'er-do-wells are always being fallen in love with on the stage. Though we, being hard-working critics, have had no opportunity of discovering whether this is true of real life. Enough that the wife, learning of this love-affair, takes a dive over the balcony of her three-storey flat. Then the husband, put on "the waggon" by his girl friend and forced to work regular hours a day, considers taking the same course, as preferable to life with a perfect little prig. But, giving the

girl to his secretary with his love, he grabs joyously at the brandy bottle, and again, as the alternative to going abroad to start anew, returns to the old crowd. These people, too busy putting on an act to be themselves, are of their period—a period, however,

those of us too middle-aged to watch the dawn rise up from Mayfair any longer, hope has passed. Miss Catherine Lacey gives a perfect performance as the wife, so fond that she urges her husband to drink because she knows he likes it. Mr. Martin Walker, as a dipsomaniac who considers that decanters were meant to be empty, and whenever he sees a full one proceeds bravely to cause a vacuum in it, gives another of those inebriated performances that make one pray that abolition will never spread to the stage.

On the four-page folder in our issue of June 10, the target-towing aircraft shown at the foot of the right-hand page was given as a Gloster "Henley." This should have read Hawker "Henley."

Lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan—and their name is legion—will welcome the 48-page illustrated record entitled "Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 1939," which has just been published, in close collaboration with the Rupert D'Oyly- Carte Opera Company, by our contemporary, *The Sphere*, price 3s. 6d. In addition to many other illustrations from each opera, the record contains an eight-page section in colour, with pictures in gravure specially taken by *Sphere* photographers. The introduction describes how the appeal of these inimitably light operas has continued unabated for no less a period than sixty-four years, from the original staging at the old Royalty Theatre of "Trial by Jury," on March 25, 1875, up to the present day. "The popular welcome accorded to the company which has just been visiting the United States," the writer declares, "could not have been greater—houses were packed every night. . . . Gilbert and Sullivan has done the best theatrical business of the year in America." The reason for this wide appeal is surely because the music and lyrics of the operas are, in the main, so essentially English in character. The reproductions in colour of stage-designs by Mr. Percy Home materially enhance the value of this delightful souvenir of the perennially popular operas.



PRESENTED TO SULGRAVE MANOR ON THE DAY THEIR MAJESTIES VISITED MOUNT VERNON DURING THEIR AMERICAN TOUR: A PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON ON THE SNUFF-BOX GIVEN BY QUEEN MARY, AND (LEFT) THE MINIATURE IN THE GOLD RING GIVEN BY DAME ALICIA LLOYD STILL.

These gifts to Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons, coincided with their Majesties' visit on June 9 to Mount Vernon, George Washington's house in the United States. Queen Mary's gift, the pearwood snuff-box, was probably made in 1800; and the inscription runs: "Georges Washington Commdant en chef de l'Armée Anglo-Amérne Elu Dictateur par le Congres en Fev 1777 né en Virginie en 1733." Dame Alicia Lloyd Still has presented a small and fine miniature in sepia, set in a gold ring, and surrounded with the inscription: "Geo. Washington ob: 14 Dec. 1799. Æ: 68" in black and white enamel.



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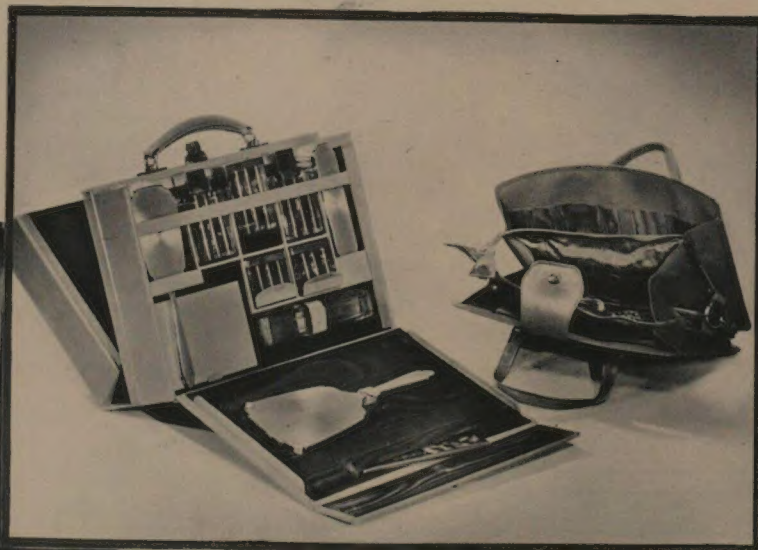
Of Interest to Women.

Travel Fashions.

The weather most certainly has a potent influence on fashions, and summer temperatures are responsible for many pretty frocks, in some instances semi-diaphanous and in others washable. Intelligent women realise that the thermometer is by no means stationary, and that even in August and September light and warm wraps, coats, and ensembles are necessary—that is to say, after the sun has set, or when travelling by sea, air or land. An adjustable hood is an accessory that has come into its own again, as when not needed it may be thrown off and a neat felt hat assumed.

Capes versus Coats.

A war is being waged at the present time between capes and coats. Burberrys, in the Haymarket, are quite impartial about the matter and have contributed one of each to this page. A check tweed cape with hood is seen on the right; there are slots through which the hands may be passed and the shoulders are so cut that it is impossible for them to get out of position. An attached adjustable hood completes the scheme. The coat on the far right, which is made from a rug (in this case the ground is green with a bold black and white check), also has a warm, easy-fitting hood. The three-piece suit on the right below is a study in black and primrose check, but may be made in a variety of other colour-schemes to suit the individual.



Miniature Reproductions.

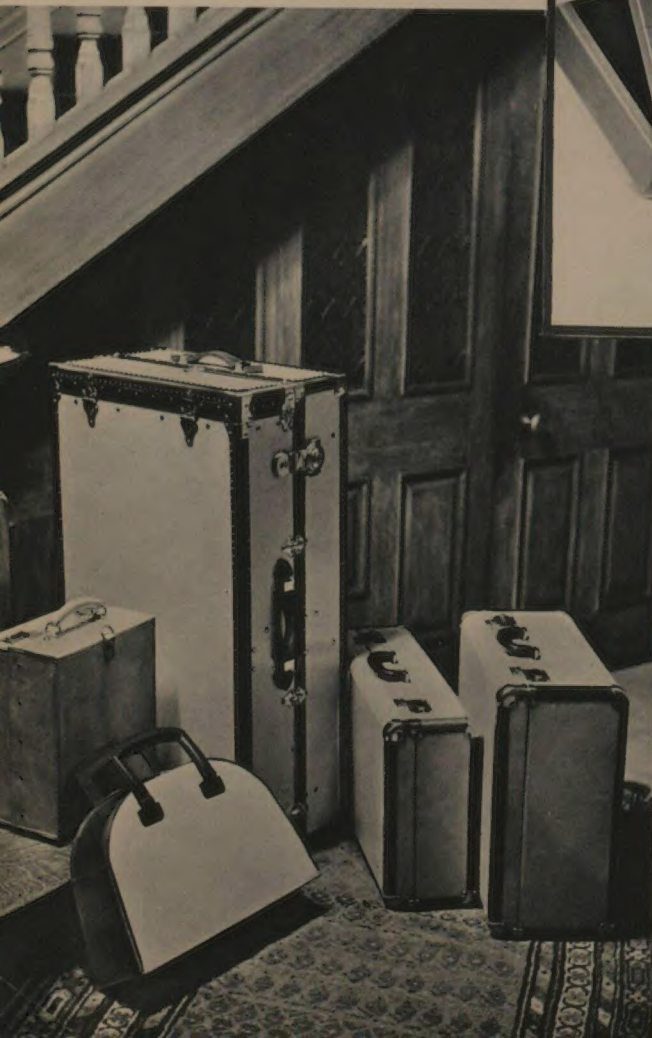
Aspreys are showing a unique collection of reproductions in miniature of specimen pieces in silver from the reign of William and Mary to George III. Furthermore, they will reproduce their clients' antiques in miniature; this is of paramount importance. An interesting brochure treating with the same will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

Suit-cases and Bags.

"All I want until the luggage arrives" is an excellent title for the suit-case on the left, above. There is sufficient room for all things needed for the night in the compartment. It has been designed and carried out by Aspreys, of Bond Street. The leather and character of the fittings may be decided by the prospective owner. Next to it is a fitted handbag; although it has space for everything necessary when travelling, it is light and compact, and can be opened really wide.

The Vogue for Raw Hide.

There is nothing more fashionable to-day than raw-hide luggage; it seems to have the power of throwing off dust and dirt. From Aspreys come the wardrobe trunk, suit-, and other cases shown on the left. The smaller handbag is likewise of this leather, the side pieces being darkened. Don't forget when in these salons to ask to see the new cocktail-shakers. They are made to represent Fire Extinguishers and entitled "Thirst Extinguishers." There are glasses to match.





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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

BELGIUM—BY THE SEA.

THE advantage of a summer holiday in Belgium is that you have a choice of a number of fine seaside resorts, with splendid sands for bathing, scattered along a coast picturesquely studded with sand-dunes, and from wherever you choose it's quite easy to get to such historic spots as Zeebrugge and Ypres, or to visit the battlefields of Flanders generally. Likewise, it is easy to make trips to such wonderful art and architectural centres as Bruges, with the magnificent Belfry and Cathedral of St. Saviour; the Chappelle du Saint-Sang, where the Relic of the Holy Blood is kept; to Ghent, which has an amazing collection of ancient structures, and is dominated by a gigantic mediaeval fortress, the "Castle of the Counts," built by the Crusader Count of Flanders in 1180; while in the St. Bavon Cathedral is the "Adoration of the Mystic Lamb," a masterpiece of the brothers Van Eyck; and to Malines, where, in the fourteenth-century Cathedral of St. Rombaut, there is one of the masterpieces of Van Dyck, the "Crucifixion." A visit is possible, too, to Brussels, Belgium's beautiful capital, with its famous and splendid Grand' Place, Royal Palace, Town Hall, and other magnificent buildings.

Although there are steamer services from Harwich to Antwerp and Zeebrugge, undoubtedly the more popular crossing with holiday-makers is that from Dover to Ostend, since for many the port of arrival is journey's end, Ostend being their "Mecca." And those who wish for a holiday where there is a host of attractions will find no watering-place in Europe the rival of Ostend, for it has a casino-kursaal which ranks as second only to that of Monte Carlo, and which is a summer rendezvous for visitors fond of a "flutter" from almost every part of the world; and a race-course, the Hippodrome Wellington, claiming to have no equal on the Continent. Also at the casino-kursaal is a first-class orchestra, of a hundred instrumentalists under well-known conductors, and there is a fine theatre, where grand

opera, light operas, and comedies are produced throughout the season. On the sports side, there are excellent facilities for golf, tennis, boating and riding, whilst its sands are some of the finest for bathing on the Belgian coast. A really splendid promenade by the sea, several miles long, and flanked with palatial hotels and smart cafés, is an outstanding feature of Ostend, and another is its two spas, the park spring in the Léopold Park, and the thermal spring at the Thermal Palace, at both of which the curative waters are excellent. Add to the foregoing inducements an interesting old harbour and a fine, bracing climate, and it can certainly be maintained that Ostend is one of Europe's finest and brightest summer holiday centres.

In size, Blankenberghe ranks after Ostend as a seaside resort, and it has an equally fine beach. It has, too, a fine pier, and a kursaal, claimed to be the largest on the Belgian coast, with a concert hall seating 5000 persons, where concerts are given twice daily by a first-class orchestra of eighty instrumentalists. Heyst, with Duinbergen, is a resort similar to Blankenberghe, having a well-appointed kursaal, and its sands are very safe and extensive. It has the advantage of being quite near to Zeebrugge, and pleasant little Duinbergen, near by, lying in a hollow

in the sand-hills, adds to its charm. Le Zoute, very much on the modern side, is a greatly favoured resort, its situation, on the estuary of the Escaut and skirting pine-forests and sand-dunes, being very inviting. The lay-out, too, of Zoute is pleasing, whilst the fact that, apart from a most up-to-date amusement programme and sports facilities and superb bathing, there is a local aerodrome connected with various air services, puts this resort very much in the foreground.

Two quite fashionable and popular resorts are Middelkerke and Westende, both of which offer particularly



SET AMONG DELIGHTFUL SAND-DUNES ON THE BELGIAN COAST: THE MODERN CASINO AT LE ZOUTE, AN EXTREMELY POPULAR BELGIAN HOLIDAY CENTRE.

Photographs by Courtesy of the Belgian Railways and Marine.



A VIEW OF ONE OF BELGIUM'S MOST IMPORTANT SEASIDE RESORTS: THE WIDE PROMENADE, BEACH AND PIER AT BLANKENBERGHE.

attractive amusement and sports facilities—the Lombartzyde Westende Golf Club having a very attractive eighteen-hole course and a luxurious club-house. Among the smaller resorts are Mariakerke, connected by electric tram with Ostend; La Panne, naturally picturesque, and ideal as a family resort; Breedene, which has a race-course; Le Coq, with one of the prettiest sand-dune stretches in Belgium; Wenduine, not far from Blankenberghe, another charming family holiday centre; and Coxyde, a peaceful little place, with neighbouring St. Idesbalde even more peaceful and remote, its colourful villas, nestling among greyish-green, grass-covered dunes, combining, with the blue sea and sky and golden sands, to form a charming picture!

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